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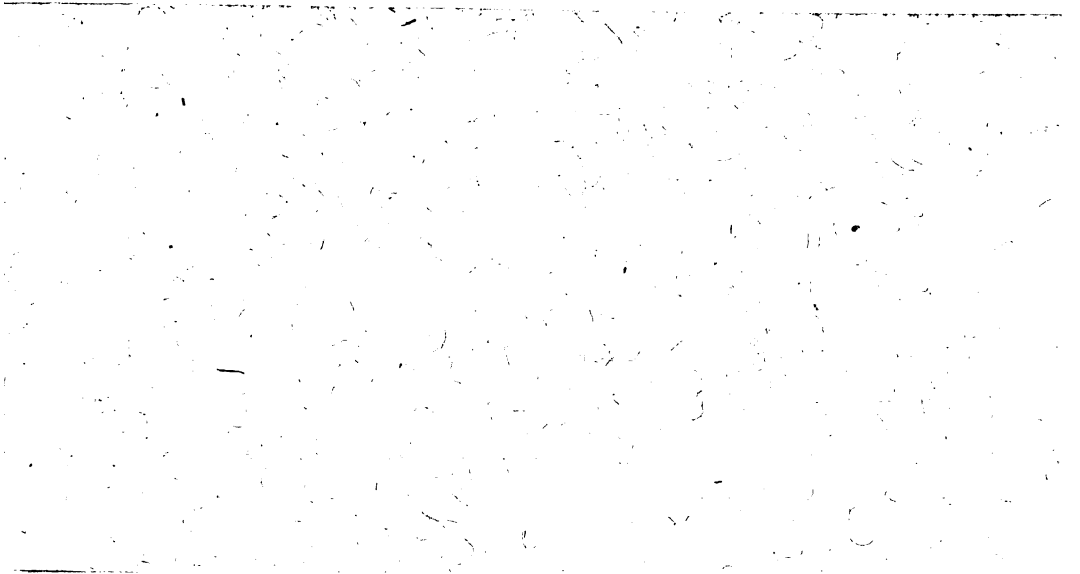

3/9

Miss Lucy Fay o

Please to accept this
as a small token of my
gratitude, for your kind a
tention, in sickness, to yo
affectionate sister
H. Fay o

Octo 1818.

Hunting
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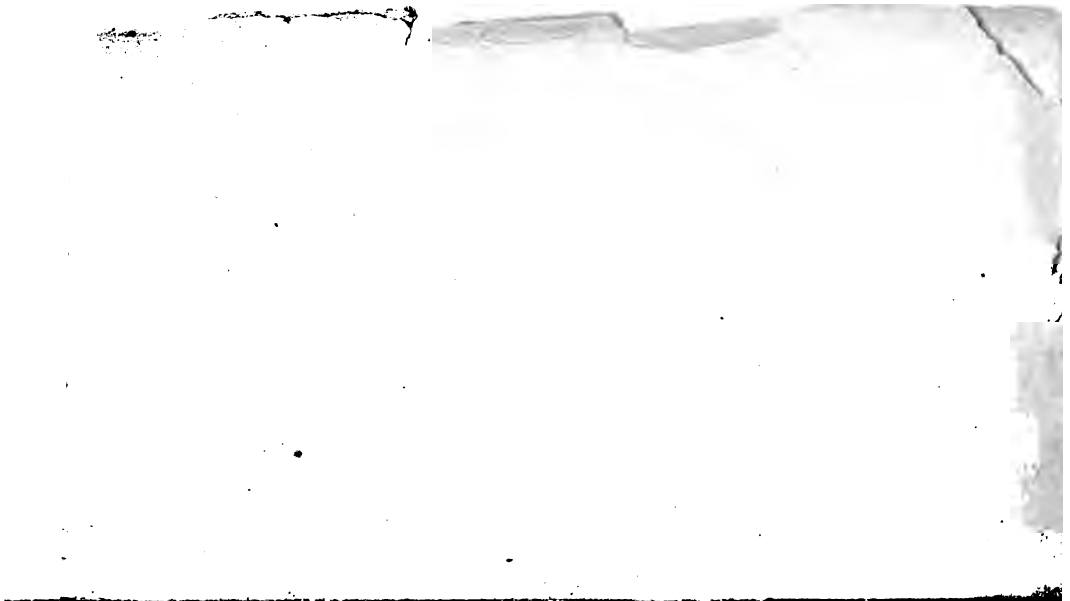

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Mrs ABIGAIL WATERS,

Born Jan. 13, 1721; Died Nov. 22, 1816, Aged 96 Years.

Published by Samuel T. Armstrong N°50 Cornhill.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE

OF

Mrs. Abigail Waters;

WHO DIED IN BOSTON,

November 23d, 1816, in the 96th year of her age.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE SERMON

PREACHED ON OCCASION OF HER DEATH:

BY JOSHUA HUNTINGTON,

Pastor of the Old South Church.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure;
For *here*, resistless demonstration dwells:"

Young's Night Thoughts.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG,
No. 50, Cornhill.

BEBA LINCOLN, PRINTER.

1817.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, to wit:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eighteenth day of February, A. D. 1817, and in the forty first year of the independence of the United States of America. Samuel T. Armstrong, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit: –

"Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Abigail Waters; who died in Boston, November 23d, 1816, in the 96th year of her age. To which is prefixed, the Sermon preached on occasion of her Death. By Joshua Huntington, Pastor of the Old South Church.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
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That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure;
For *here*, resistless demonstration dwells:"
Young's Night Thoughts."

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JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

In preparing this little volume for the press, the writer has labored under a serious inconvenience; which he doubts not the reader, will regret, as sincerely as himself; resulting from the poverty, and scantiness, of his materials. Most Biographical Sketches, are principally composed, of the *letters*, and *private reflections* of those, whose history they record. And to this, they are chiefly indebted for their currency, and effect. Epistolary correspondence, now so general, was little practised when Mrs. Waters was young. Her *letters* therefore, it is presumed, were comparatively few; and those few, have gone with the companions of her youth, to whom they were addressed, beyond recovery. Her *private reflections*, which would have been far more valuable, and which were considerably copious, she committed to the flames several years since, in a sea-

son of spiritual darkness and melancholy. From that time to her death, her eye sight was such, as to render difficult, if not impossible, the use of the pen. This loss, it is hoped, will be found in some measure supplied, by the record of her long confinement:—the observations made, and the feelings expressed by her, during the course of which, having been committed to paper immediately after they were uttered; and in some instances, as they fell from her lips.

The naturally incredulous, and the "slow of heart to believe," what their own observation, or experience has not sanctioned; especially in regard to *religion*; may perhaps, call in question the accuracy of the statement; or make very *liberal* allowance, for unintentional departures from the simplicity of truth. The writer has only to lament, that persons of this description, could not themselves have witnessed, what he has attempted to relate. Could they have enjoyed that privilege; for such *she* certainly considered it; they would be constrained to acknowledge, that in the fol-

lowing brief memorial of departed worth, *the one half has not been told them.*

It is true, that the writer has been obliged in many cases; and indeed more or less throughout, to employ his own phraseology; his memory not being sufficiently retentive, to preserve that of his venerable friend. This necessity, however, has occasioned, not an excess, but a deficiency, of what the *rational*, and the phlegmatick, may be ready to condemn.

As the writer has not the presumption to expect that this little work will be deemed worthy the attention of the critic; he might, perhaps, be spared the trouble, of apologizing for the manner of its execution. Justice to himself, however, as well as respect for his readers, requires him to say; that the pressure of parochial duties—duties, which he considers of *primary* obligation upon every minister of the Gospel; has left him but little time; and often, less strength, for any additional exertion.

Perhaps, it would have been well, if this excuse for the *imperfections* of the work, had operated so far, as to have

suppressed it entirely. So it certainly would have done, had the subject been any other than it is. But it is well known, that by a certain class of readers; and a pretty large class too, short Biographical Sketches;—especially of those with whom they had been conversant, are perused with greater avidity, interest, and profit, than any other species of writing whatever—and, that there are many, who may be induced, and even disposed, to devote a leisure hour to such a subject; who have neither patience to read, nor capacity to comprehend, a didactic discourse. It is principally with a view to the benefit of such, that this Memoir has been undertaken. And should she, whose "speech," while living, "dropped as the rain, and distilled as the dew," speak by it, "being dead," to the awakening, reproof, animation, or comfort, of any; the writer will be richly compensated, for the little time, and labor it has cost him.

Boston, Jan. 28th, 1817.

SERMON.

REVELATIONS, XIV. 13.

"*And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*"

DEATH, in whatever light it may be viewed, is calculated to inspire a reflecting mind with solemnity and awe. It cuts the tie which unites the body with the soul; consigning the latter to the dust; to become first the companion, and then the repast of worms: and ushering the former before the tribunal of Him, whose decision is just and irrevocable.—It removes its victim from all that is known, and loved; all that is enjoyed, and anticipated on earth, to

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourn,
No traveller returns."

——It is the wages of sin; the curse of God.

Death then is a serious event. So serious, that most persons endeavour to exclude it from their thoughts, as an unwelcome disturber of their peace: so serious, that many through fear of its approach, "are all their life time subject to bondage."

But death, serious as it is, may be contemplated with pleasure; anticipated with joy; embraced with triumph. So it has been by thousands, and so it will be by thousands more. "I heard a voice from heaven," says the Apocalyptic Prophet, "saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

An answer to two enquiries, will comprise all that is designed in the ensuing discourse. I. Who may be said to die in the Lord?——II. Wherein consists the blessedness thus solemnly pronounced upon them.

I. Who may be said to die in the Lord? An important enquiry; deserv-

ing the solicitous, impartial attention of all, who would partake of the blessedness reserved in heaven for those, who shall be found worthy to receive, and capacitated to enjoy it. That there may be no misunderstanding, or self-deception, on a subject so interesting and momentous; I would endeavour to premise in a few particulars, what to die in the Lord is not. And

*First.** *To leave behind an irreproachable character, in the estimation of the world, is not to die in the Lord.* "Man looketh on the outward appearance." He judges, and must judge by the exterior deportment. But that, though to us the only, is by no means an infallible, criterion. "The form of godliness" may be assumed for selfish and sinister purposes; as it was by the Scribes and Pharisees, who fasted often and prayed long, "that they might appear righteous unto men:" or it may be observed, as it was by the young ruler in the Gospel; under the mistaken notion, that nothing more is requisite to ensure the favor and

* The following head was omitted in delivering the discourse, on account of the shortness of the afternoon.

acceptance of God. If this lovely youth, could keep all the commandments of the Decalogue, as to the *letter* of them, from his childhood up; and still be a stranger to the spirit—the self-denying, self-abjuring spirit which they require: still be a slave of the world, and of consequence, "an enemy of God;" are we not warranted in the belief, that many in these days, when the claims of religion are so much accommodated to the opinions, and wishes, and practices of a licentious age, are thinking themselves, and are thought by others, to be "something when they are nothing?" Is there not ground to fear that far less is requisite at the present time, to constitute a Christian in the estimation of the world, than was deemed indispensable in the first age of Christianity——than "the Scripture, which cannot be broken," deems indispensable now? Does not an acknowledgment in general terms of the truth of Christianity, a professed subjection to its authority, and a regular attendance upon its institutions; together with that mildness of temper, and decorum of manners, which either na-

ture or education may bestow, pass current with many for religion? May not a man be devoted—supremely devoted to the acquisition of wealth, either for its own sake, or for the gratifications which it is capable of procuring; and yet, be applauded for his attachment and allegiance to Him who hath said, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon?" Are not the love of Christ, and the love of pleasures, though pronounced incompatible with each other, by the same infallible voice, deemed perfectly consistent and harmonious? If not, why do we hear so much of the *goodness of that man's heart*, who is so pressed with worldly cares—an attention to the increase, security, or disposal of his wealth; that he has no time, and less inclination, for the private duties of religion—the duties of the family and the closet—for reading the Scriptures and teaching his children to read and understand them—for planting the seed of spiritual instruction in their opening minds, and watering it with his prayers and tears—who has his thousands at command, when any thing is to be gained by the advance

of them; and nothing, or next to nothing, when the diffusion of truth, the enlargement of Zion, the glory of God, and the salvation of souls, is the object? If not, why do we hear the piety of that female extolled, who is with difficulty induced, if induced at all, to spend an hour or devote a dollar for the instruction and salvation of the poor, while the demands of fashion and the calls of pleasure however frequent, or exorbitant, never suffer a denial?

But where none of this gross inconsistency appears may not the heart be utterly destitute of that love to God; that hatred of sin; that humility, meekness, and self denial; that holy indifference to the opinions of the world; and that hungering and thirsting after righteousness, which are inseparable from true religion? "He is not a Jew which is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh, but he is a Jew which is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart; in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men but of God."

Secondly. To leave the world with tranquillity of mind; unstung by the recollection of the past, and undismayed by the apprehension of the future, is not to die in the Lord. Such an exit may be easily accounted for, upon principles entirely independent of religion. Disease not unfrequently enfeebles the mind; blunts its sensibilities; obscures its vision; and renders it incapable either of contemplating truth, or realizing danger. This, in conjunction with the power of medicine, which is sometimes given for the very purpose of preventing, or disarming reflection, produces what is easily mistaken for Christian composure and serenity.—But supposing the mind to be clear, may it not be perverted—"spoiled" by infidel philosophy; or (which is more common and equally dangerous) by philosophical Christianity.* What

* By philosophical Christianity, is here meant, Christianity stript of its distinctive peculiarities as a Revelation from Heaven; and accommodated to the standard of that "wisdom which is foolishness with God." In other words, Christianity as explained, and received by those, who make their own reason the test, not so much of what God has taught, as of what it would be fit and becoming him to teach. To such as may feel at a loss to know what province should be assigned to human reason in matters of religion, the author would with deference recommend a little work, entitled "The Nature, Extent, and Province of Human Reason, considered." For the satisfaction of those who may be unable to procure the book, the following extracts are subjoined.

"Though no Revelation can come from God, but what is truly worthy of him, and full of every internal excellence; yet, what is truly

is there to disturb the tranquillity of those, who believe in the annihilation of the soul; or in the certainty of its happiness beyond the grave? Or why should he, who thinks he has done as well as the frailty of our nature will permit; or who has been wont to consider Jehovah as altogether such an one as himself; be alarmed at the prospect of dissolution? We read of "the wicked who have no bands in their death:" and

worthy of God to be *revealed*, cannot possibly be known by us, but by a Revelation from himself.

"And, as we can only know what is worthy of God in Creation, by knowing what he has created; so we can no other way possibly know what is worthy of God to be revealed, but by a Revelation. And he that pretends, independently of any Revelation, to shew *how*, and in what manner God ought to make a Revelation worthy of himself, is as great a *Visionary*, as he that should pretend, independently of the Creation, or without learning any thing from it, to shew how God ought to have proceeded in it, to make it worthy of himself. For, as God alone knows how to create worthy of himself, and nothing can possibly be proved to be worthy to be created by him, but because he has already created it; so God alone knows what is worthy of himself in a Revelation, and nothing can possibly be proved worthy to be revealed by him, but because he has already revealed it."

"There is nothing therefore *half so mysterious* in *the Christian revelation*, considered in itself, as there is in that *invisible Providence*, which all must hold, who believe a God. And though there is enough plain in Providence, to excite the admiration of humble and pious minds, yet it has often been a rock of *Atheism* to those, who make *their own Reason* the measure of wisdom."

"And if a Revelation had no other proof of its Divinity, but such an internal excellency and fitness of its doctrines, as is fully known and approved by *human Reason*; such an internal excellency would be so far from being a sufficient proof of its Divinity, that it would be a probable objection against it. For it has an appearance of great probability, that God would not make an eternal Revelation of that *only*, which was *sufficiently* and fully known without it.

"Although, therefore, no Revelation can come from God, whose doctrines have not an *internal excellency*, and the *highest fitness*; yet the non-appearance of such excellency and fitness to *our reason*, cannot be a disproof of its Divinity; because, it is our ignorance of such matters, without Revelation, which is the *true ground and reason* of God's revealing any thing to us."

of those who "are given up to strong delusion to believe a lie, because they believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

Hume, who devoted the powers of an acute and highly cultivated mind, to the cause of infidelity and vice, instead of the poignant reflections, and overwhelming forebodings, which might have been expected to await him in a dying hour, was, if we may credit the testimony of his friend and panegyrist Adam Smith, not merely calm, but gay: reading books of amusement; playing at whist; and sporting with Charon and his boat as long as his strength would permit; and then, in the language of his physician Dr. Black, "dying in such a happy composure of mind that nothing could exceed it."* Rousseau, who lived in the habitual indulgence of the grossest passion, observed just before he died to the shameless partner of his guilt; "How

*In the second volume of "Silliman's Travels," we have indeed a very different account of the last hours of Mr. Hume. "From the same venerable friend," says Mr. S. speaking of an intimate acquaintance of the late Dr. Witherspoon, "I have derived the following circumstance concerning Hume with whom this gentleman was well acquainted. He alleges that this sceptical philosopher did not die in all that composure, or rather impious levity of mind, which has been ascribed to him by the ardent but indiscreet zeal of his friend Adam Smith; he cites the testimony of the nurse, who attended the bed-ridd

happy a thing it is to die when one has no reason for remorse or self-reproach." And then with shocking temerity thus committed his departing spirit into the hands of God. "Eternal Being! the soul that I am going to give thee back, is as pure at this moment as it was when it proceeded from thee: render it partaker of thy felicity!" Whether all this was really felt, or only feigned, through shame of renouncing what had been defended as true, and acknowledging what had been denied as false, or ridiculed as absurd, is immaterial to my purpose. The argument is the same; it being impossible to determine the manner and circumstances of any one's death, otherwise than by what is professed and apparent. Neither,

Thirdly, is a professed or apparent submission to the will of God an infallible evidence that he who is the subject of it dies in the Lord. *Real* submission is

of Hume at the trying hour; and she asserted that he *died in horror.*" The statement which I have given above however, has been generally received as correct; and though to the last degree revolting and harrowing to the pious mind, cannot be incredible to those who believe in a *judicial* blindness and hardness of heart.—See a very striking "contrast between the death of David Hume, Esq. and Dr. Samuel Finley, President of New Jersey College," in The Christian's Magazine, Vol. I. page 294.

indeed a Christian exercise—an exercise peculiar to the children of God: but like every other such exercise, has its counterfeit. What the ancient philosophers so often recommended to their pupils under the various calamities of life—acquiescence in the will of the *Fates*; not as wise or just, but as inevitable; is not unfrequently dignified with the name of Christian submission. True submission results not merely from a conviction that it were vain, and therefore foolish to murmur at the allotments of Providence; but from a humble, child-like confidence in the perfection of the Divine character and the rectitude of the Divine administration. Nor is this submission a solitary act of the mind. It is accompanied with other sentiments and feelings—the fruit of "one and the self same Spirit"—humility, penitence, devotion, gratitude, love. Where these, and their kindred virtues are wanting, there submission, real submission is wanting also, though not a sign of impatience is seen, or a whisper of repining heard. I would only add

Fourthly. That it is no evidence that a person dies in the Lord, because he is willing, or even anxious to depart. Such a state of mind may be attributed to disgust with life; resulting from an experience of the delusive, unsatisfying nature of what the world calls happiness—to severity of bodily suffering—to the apprehension, or pressure of outward calamity, deliverance from which is anticipated only in the grave*—to ignorance of Divine truth—the evil of sin; the demands and threatenings of the Divine law; the nature and employments of heaven—or to an unwarranted reliance on the mercy of God through

* Moreover I saw in my dream that there sat a multitude of men, women and children of all nations, tribes and languages on the banks of the river. So when the pilgrims came down to the river's side they sat down likewise on the bank and began to question one another how they should get over: also they asked of some that were sitting there before them, whether there was any other way to go into the city? and they answered them, No. Then they were greatly perplexed in mind, to think how they could get over this great river. But *Weary-o-world* said unto his companions, Be not discouraged because of the river, for I will venture in first. So he boldly rushed into the river: and they never saw him rise again; which did greatly dishearten the rest of the pilgrims; and they knew not what to do or which way to turn themselves. Whilst they were thus disconsolate and melancholy, there came flying to them a man in bright clothing, who said, Peace be unto you; let not your hearts be troubled because of the man who just now entered the river, and presently sunk out of your sight. His name is *Weary-o'the-world*, and his circumstances answer his name; for he has a long time lain under great discontent because the affairs of this life went not smoothly on his side. He has met with a great many losses, vexations and troubles in the world. So in a pet he took up a resolution to leave the world: but he did it not for the love of God; which was the reason why you saw him sink in the waters of this river and rise no more.—*Pil. Prog. 3d Part.*

Christ. Why should not he welcome death, who contemplates it only as a relief from pain, and a refuge from disappointment, perplexity and sorrow; or what is more, as an introduction to joys which will know neither diminution nor end?

God forbid that I should cause a needless pang in the breast of any who have been called to follow a relative or friend to the land of silence. Rather would I wish to heal the breach which a righteous Providence has made, and to allay the anguish of a heart bleeding with an inward wound. But truth must not be concealed because its disclosure will occasion pain: much less, must a tenderness for the feelings of others, lead us to expose, to sacrifice their eternal welfare. And is not this put to the most imminent hazard, by encouraging them to believe that their departed friend, who gave no satisfactory evidence of vital piety, died in the Lord? What is the consequence of such a belief? Plainly this: that the favor of God is cheaply purchased—the kingdom of heaven very easily obtained—that men may live as

they list; be supremely devoted, and slavishly conformed to the world; and yet be made happy at last—that men may die the death, though they live not the life of the righteous. Can any thing be better suited to the feelings of the carnal heart? Can a more effectual opiate be administered to the conscience of the impenitent and unrenewed?*

Who then may be said on scriptural ground, to "die in the Lord?" The phrase *in the Lord*, or *in Christ*, for they are synonimous, so frequently occurs in the Scriptures, that no one at all conversant with the sacred volume can be at a loss respecting its meaning. "This is his commandment," says John, "that we should

* "If we are ready to conclude that *they* are now in a state of glory whose principles we believed to be incorrect, whose practice, to say the least of it, we know to be negligent, who, without our indulging a censorious or a presumptuous spirit, we thought lived in a state of mind, and a course of habits, not only far from right, but even avowedly inferior to our own; will not this lead to the conclusion, either that we ourselves, standing on so much higher ground, are in a very advanced state of grace, or that a much lower than ours may be a state of safety? And will not such a belief tend to slacken our endeavours, and to lower our tone, both of faith and practice?

"By this conclusion we contradict the affecting assertion of a very sublime poet,

"*For us they languish, and for us they die.*

"For while we are thus taking and giving false comfort, our friend as to us will have died in vain. Instead of his death having operated as a warning voice, to rouse us to a more animated piety, it will be rather likely to lull us into a dangerous security. If our affection has so blinded our judgment, we shall by the indulgence of a false candour to another, sink into a false peace ourselves."—*Practical Piety.*

believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ and love one another as he gave us commandment. And *he that keepeth his commandment* abideth *in him.*" Again, "He that saith I know him, and *keepeth not his commandment*, is a liar: but whoso *keepeth his word*, in him verily is the love of God perfected: *hereby know we that we are in him.*" "If any man be *in Christ*," says Paul, he is *a new creature, old things have passed away, behold all things have become new.*" "What things were gain to me," says the same apostle, "those I counted loss for Christ; yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; that I may win Christ, and be found *in him, not having my own righteousness which is of the law; but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.*"

From these passages among many others, it appears, that to be *in Christ*, or *in the Lord*, is to be the *subject of a thorough and radical change;* a change so great and universal, as to be fitly denominated a *new creation*—is to exer-

cise a *faith* which leads to, or consists in *an utter renunciation of all self-dependance*, and a *humble, joyful reliance upon the merits of Christ for salvation*—is to *yield a sincere, habitual, persevering obedience to all the requirements of the Gospel*—is, in a word, to be a *vital and practical Christian.*

That some are brought in the season of sickness, and even on the borders of the grave, to sustain *essentially* this character—to exercise the faith and the love which, should opportunity be given, would evince their existence in the heart, by the fruits of holiness in the life, cannot be denied, without presumptuously limiting the Holy One of Israel, who "hath the times and the seasons in his own power." In such instances of late conversion, however, it may be reasonably expected, that there will be deep conviction, and strong detestation of sin—admiring, adoring apprehensions of the Divine forbearance and mercy—great desire to live, that God may be glorified, time redeemed, and the influence of a sinful example upon the minds and morals of others in some measure

counteracted—tender, faithful warning to surrounding friends; and an earnest recommendation of Christ to their immediate acceptance, supreme affection, and unqualified obedience. When nothing, or but little of this kind appears in what is usually called a death-bed conversion, there is great reason to suspect its reality; however strong the hope, or rapturous the joy of the departing soul. But even the most promising appearances, much as they may encourage and comfort the hearts of surviving friends, cannot be depended on with certainty. They may be, dreadful peradventure! but appearances after all. For they have been known to fail, when returning health has put them to the test.

The only satisfactory, infallible evidence, therefore, of dying in the Lord, is *living in the Lord*—living in obedience to the precepts, and in conformity to the example of Christ. Mortifying the deeds of the body—the corrupt and inordinate propensities of the flesh. Having the conversation in heaven, the affections on things above. Resisting the allurements of the world, the instigations of Satan,

the motions of sin. Maintaining habitual intercourse with God, through the medium of his word, and in the exercise of prayer. Seeking his wisdom to guide, and enlighten; his grace to sustain, establish, and comfort. Loving his character, rejoicing in his government, submitting to his authority, acquiescing in his will, adhering to his service, whatever opposition or contempt it may excite, whatever difficulty or self-denial it may cost. Endeavouring to grow in grace; in deadness to the world, to self, to sin—to wax stronger in faith, to glow warmer with love—and to abound more and more in all the fruits of the Spirit, and in all the duties of a sober, righteous, and godly life: that religion may be honored, God glorified, and souls saved. Being ashamed, humbled, grieved, in view of the past. Applying continually to the blood and righteousness of Christ for justification and cleansing; and making him, after all that is done, the only foundation of confidence towards God—the only anchor of hope to the soul.

This it is to *live in the Lord.* They who have thus lived—who have evinced

the sincerity of their repentance, by forsaking their evil ways; the genuineness of their faith, by producing good works; the validity of their hope, by purifying themselves even as Christ is pure; we may be assured have died in the Lord. Nor should our confidence in the certainty of their future rest, be shaken by any doubts or fears to which their own minds may have been subjected. Jehovah is sometimes pleased to withdraw the light of his countenance from his children when they most need support, and to leave them under darkness even in the closing scene. This may be to try their faith, submission, and love. Not to satisfy himself, whether they are genuine, and strong; from him nothing can be hidden; but, according to the general import of the phrase as used by the inspired penman, to evince their genuineness, and increase their strength. Or he may have other reasons, known only to his own mind; and which are not to be disclosed until "the day of the revelation of the righteous judgment of God."

They who thus live, and die in the Lord; "a voice from heaven," like that

which was heard at the ford of Jordan, and on the top of Tabor; the one at the baptism, the other at the transfiguration of Christ, has pronounced "Blessed."

Wherein their blessedness consists, was the

II thing proposed to be considered. Here, however, I must necessarily be brief. But brevity, on a subject which comprises so much in a narrow compass, will be readily allowed.

They who have died in the Lord, were liable, while here, equally with others, to all the variety of evils incident to our nature and state. For, with respect to these, "there is but one event to the righteous, and to the wicked; to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not; as is the good, so is the sinner; and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath."

While here, they may have been defeated in their plans; embarrassed in their circumstances; and reduced, when least apprehensive of the sad reverse, from sufficiency, and even affluence to straits: by the injustice, oppression, and

violence of men; or by the righteous providence of God. Or like their Master, whose "kingdom was not of this world," they may have been born in poverty, and doomed to pass through life in want. But their wants, however induced, left them at the grave. They are put in possession of the inheritance after which they aspired. "All things are theirs." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; but the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

While here, they were subject to many bodily infirmities—perhaps, exercised with agonizing pains, which neither care, nor skill could relieve. Like the woman who pressed through the crowd, to touch the garment of our Lord; they may have spent all that they had upon physicians; and still grown worse. But death has terminated forever all these infirmities and pains. The inhabitants of heaven no more say, "I am sick."

While here, they were often called to witness the inroads of disease upon those around them—to watch the fading bloom, and withering strength, of a relative or friend beloved: and at length, after the anguish of a separation by which "the surviver dies," to follow all that remained of what nature, or affection could endear, to the darkness of the tomb. But the empire of death is bounded by the tomb. The union of "the just made perfect," is indissoluble. Because Christ lives, they shall live also.

While here, their faults were sometimes magnified; and even their "good evil spoken of," by those "who watched for their halting." But the whisper of suspicion, and the breath of calumny, never disturb the peace; nor poison the felicity of heaven. The happiness of each, is the happiness of all; one bond unites, one sentiment pervades the whole.

While here, their righteous souls were often vexed with the unlawful deeds, the impious oaths, and the filthy conversation, of the wicked. Rivers of water ran down their eyes, because men kept

not the law of God. But into the New Jerusalem, "there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth, that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie; but they whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life."

"Those holy gates forever bar,
Pollution, sin, and shame.
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb."

While here, they found a law in their members warring against the law of their minds; so that they were often obliged to deplore that when they would do good, evil was present with them. But death has put an end, a final end to this distressing conflict: and to all the pains, anxieties, and fears, resulting from it, No longer they "groan being burthened." No longer carnal affections unfit them for spiritual services;—interrupt their communion with God;—check the aspirations of their souls and bind them to the earth. Clothed with white robes—the emblems of purity; and palms in their hands—the ensigns of conquest and triumph; they stand continually before the throne of God, serving him day and night in his temple.

While here, they were often at a distance from him, whom their souls loved: and even deprived at times, of the comforting evidence of his favor. "They went forward, but he was not there; and backward, but they could not perceive him: on the left hand where he doth work, but they could not behold him. He hid himself on the right hand, so that they could not see him." But now every vail is withdrawn—every interposing object removed. They see him face to face! They are like him! and they reign with him!

But "we know not yet what we shall be." We must be "unclothed" of these clay-tabernacles, and "clothed upon with our house from heaven;" before we can comprehend the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory hereafter to be revealed." Indeed,

"The rapt Seraph that adores and burns"

is lost in the immensity of the theme; and will forever be encircled, as he stretches towards God, with an height and depth, and length and breadth, which his perpetually expanding powers will never be able to explore.

It is hardly necessary to state, that the death of an aged member of this church has given occasion to the preceding discourse. Mrs. Abigail Waters, whose remains were last week committed to their kindred dust, was so long, and so generally known among us, that an attempt to sketch the outlines of her character in this place, may perhaps be deemed superfluous. Neither my feelings, nor my judgment, however, will allow me to be wholly silent. For nearly a century, this sacred temple has been to her, as was that of Jerusalem, to Anna the prophetess, "the house of God—the very gate of heaven." And now she has passed the vestibule which separates the inner from the outer court; I would wish her once more to speak to those whom she has left behind.*

* * * * * * *

The mourning relatives have my sympathy and prayers. Their loss is great; but it may become their gain.

* In the delivery of the discourse, some account of the character of the deceased, including the most prominent circumstances of her sickness and death, was here introduced. But as the substance of the account has been embodied in the following Memoir, it has been thought best to omit the whole.

Smitten friends,
Are angels sent on errands full of love:
For us they languish, and for us, they die.
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?

That you my friends, may not lose the benefit of this dispensation; but may "hear the rod," as well as feel the stroke; let the dying counsel of your departed mother, sink deep into your hearts. Cherish with tender, grateful, devout recollection, the memory of her virtues. Transcribe them into your own lives. Be worthy of such an alliance. What can I say more? "Walk worthy of him who hath called you to the kingdom and glory," in which she is now rejoicing.

Brethren and friends of this Christian church;—a mother in our Israel has fallen:—or rather, I should say, has *risen:* borne, not in a chariot of fire, but on seraphs wings, to the mansions prepared for her. But where, O! where, is her falling mantle? God of his mercy grant, that it may rest upon each of us, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen.*

MEMOIRS, &c.

MRS. ABIGAIL WATERS was the twelfth child of Thomas and Sarah Dawes; and was born in Boston, Jan. 13th, 1721. Blessed with pious parents, she was early devoted to God; and received the Christian seal of the covenant of grace, by the hand of the venerable Dr. Sewall, the second day from her birth. The nature, and design, of this sacred ordinance, with the duties, and obligations resulting from it; were communicated to her, in the course of domestic instruction, as soon as she was able to comprehend them. Not satisfied with hearing her repeat; day after day, in a hasty, heartless manner, a short form of prayer; her parents early taught her to *pray for herself*—to express her own desires, in her own words; and would frequently send her away to some retired part of the house, for this most import-

ant, but sadly neglected exercise.* This, they were especially accustomed to do, after she had been guilty of some more

* However severely this practice may be reprobated by some, as calculated to lead children into a dangerous dependance upon their own works; it is believed that experience will justify the assertion, that children who have been inured to it from their earliest years, are more generally brought into the covenant of grace than others. It is necessary however that they should be thoroughly instructed in the nature of prayer; guarded against performing it in a hurried or formal manner; and frequently reminded of the holy requisitions of that heart-searching Being in whose sight "the prayer of the wicked is abomination." Having such apprehensions of the duty of prayer; and habituated to perform it with correspondent emotions, it is believed, that children are more likely in that than in any other way, to obtain discoveries of their own vileness in the sight of God—their destitution by nature of those qualifications which alone can render them acceptable worshippers at the mercy-seat—and their consequent need of the renewing grace; atoning blood; and all prevalent intercession of our Great High-Priest. The duty of teaching their children to pray, was viewed by our pious fore-fathers as all important; and the effects of *our* declension from their example, are mournfully visible, in the great decay of vital religion which prevails

than ordinary offence; deeming it, and justly, the most likely method, to impress her mind with a sense of the evil of sin, as hateful to God; and to deter

among us. The writer would take this opportunity, to recommend Dr. Cotton Mather's *advice to parents*, in his "Essays to do good," as eminently calculated to quicken their diligence, in the performance of their baptismal engagements.

As an encouragement to parents to pursue the course recommended by Dr. Mather, it should be added, that of his numerous family, *fifteen* in number, he lived to see nearly, if not quite, the whole, "walking in the truth."

The following testimony to the value of the "Essays" from the pen of Dr. Franklin will doubtless be considered of no ordinary weight. It is contained in a letter from him to a son of the author, dated Passy, (in France) Nov. 10, 1779. When I was a boy, I met with a book, entitled "Essays to do good," which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out: but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."—*Dr. Franklin's Works, Vol. iii. page 478.*

her from disobedience in future. Being however, *a child of wrath even as others*: the service was generally irksome; and sometimes, altogether neglected: the moments appropriated, and professedly devoted to it, being otherwise employed. Her disposition, at this period, was like that of most of her age, inconsiderate and volatile, needing continual vigilance, and restraint. When about seven years old, her attention was much awakened, by a sermon of Dr. Cotton Mather. He preached by exchange, in the Old South church, from Jeremiah xxiii. 29, "Is not my word like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" In the course of the sermon, the doctor, after a solemn pause, which produced a breathless silence through the whole assembly; enquired in a voice louder than his usual tone—"Is there any one present who has a heart like a *rock*?" Then, after pausing again, as if waiting an answer, he added, "if there is, God has a mighty *hammer* to break it in pieces:" Her mind, which had before been "wandering with the eyes of the fool to the ends of the earth;" was now fixed upon the

venerable preacher; and remained so, through the rest of the service. She left the sanctuary, and retired to her chamber, with emotions, till then unknown.* Their continuance however,

* "The child was frightened," perhaps a reader may say, "but fear is not religion," True, as the event in this instance proved.—Fear, however, may, through the blessing of God, be made subservient to religion; and it has been, in innumerable instances. There are those who can be moved by nothing else, but a sense of danger—an apprehension of impending wrath. Such, Paul, and his fellow apostles, did not hesitate to *persuade by the terrors of the Lord*:—that is, to set before, and press upon them, those alarming considerations, which were calculated to disturb their carnal security; and excite them "to flee for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them."

The remark which we sometimes hear that *mankind cannot be driven to heaven*; is in one sense true, and in another, the sense usually intended, false.—It is true that none will ever be admitted to heaven, who are not primarily influenced, in their obedience to the laws of Christ, by a *principle of love*. But it is false, that a dread and apprehension of "the wrath to come," is never the originating cause of that anxiety and distress, which generally preeede, and issue in, the exercise of genuine love. Speculation, however, on this subject, is idle. "To the law and the testimony."

was short. Her heart though smitten, was not *broken in pieces.* It was "a heart of stone"—a *rock*, still. The fears

Read the Prophets—Hear the commission of Christ to his apostles—a commission from its very nature, and from the promise with which it was accompanied;—"Lo I am with you always *even to the end of the world,*" extending to their successors, even the ordinary ministers of the Gospel, in every age.—Examine the discourses of Christ himself.—Listen to his Parables; that for instance, of the Net—of the Virgins—of the Tares—of the Supper—of the rich man and Lazarus, to particularize no more. Then cast your eye upon the page which contains his account of the *final judgment*—and nothing more will be necessary to convince you, that what is often denominated by way of reproach, *preaching terror*, is sanctioned by the highest of all authority.

Let me not, however, be thought to justify an injudicious, or disproportionate use of the threatnings of the Scriptures. Much less to intimate, that those threatnings have any efficacy in themselves, upon the hearts of men. The Spirit of God, must attend them, or they will be powerless. And that Spirit is equally necessary, to induce a compliance with the *invitations* of the Gospel. Mankind can no more be *drawn*, than driven, to heaven; as our Lord has himself declared, *without the Father*—the efficient influences of his Holy Spirit.

which had been excited within her, gradually died away; and in a few weeks, her accustomed gaiety was resumed. Not however, without occasional interruptions, for several months after, especially in *violent storms:* when the question which first aroused, would recur to her mind; and conspire with the war of the elements, to bring her on her knees before God. From this period, to her sixteenth year, she was the subject of frequent convictions of sin; which finally issued, in what was *then* supposed, by herself, and her Christian friends, a saving conversion to God. Shortly after, she made a public profession of her faith and united herself with the South church,* Feb. 8th, 1736. But, "all are not Israel, who are of Israel." The world was still her idol; the love of self her ruling passion; and she soon relapsed into a state of great stupidity and sloth; doing no more in fulfilment of her solemn covenant engagements, than was absolutely necessary to silence the reproaches of conscience, and preserve "a fair show in the flesh."

* So called at that time.

When Mr. Whitfield first came to Boston, in 1740, the news of his arrival reached her in a party of some young friends. Having heard him spoken of as a wild enthusiast, whose only, or chief excellence consisted in a powerful and well modulated voice; she readily joined with the rest of the company, in making themselves merry at his expense. A day or two after, at the request of her pastors, Messrs. Sewall and Prince, Mr. Whitfield preached in the South church. She went to hear him. His discourse seemed exactly adapted to her case. It was a striking delineation of the Christian character, as distinguished from that of the world. The inconsistency of her past conduct, with the profession she had made, and so frequently renewed at the table of the Lord, could not fail to be discerned and felt. She resolved, alas! in her own strength, to live no longer as she had done, "according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience," but to renounce the society of her gay companions, with the frivolous books, and

more frivolous amusements, which had occupied her vacant hours; and consecrate her time, affections, and services, to God. This resolution, she fulfilled so far to her own satisfaction, as to obtain what is commonly, though improperly, called *the faith of assurance;** that is,

* We read, it is true, of "the full assurance of faith:" but the meaning of the phrase, as here used by the apostle, (and it is used, I believe, no where else) obviously is, *a full belief in the testimony of God—in the accomplishment of his promises.* "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the vail, that is to say, his flesh; and having an high priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, *in full assurance of faith—a firm unwavering belief, that all who thus approach the mercy-seat shall be accepted.*" But a person may have this belief, without a ray of hope; and even without a particle of evidence, respecting himself, as a Christian. There is indeed such a thing, as a full assurance of one's good estate, and all should strive to attain it: that however is denominated, not the full assurance of faith, but the *full assurance of hope.* "And we desire that every one of you, do show the same diligence, to the full assurance of hope unto the end."—*See Smalley's Sermons, p.* 385.

undoubting evidence, or rather belief, of her interest in the favor of God, and of her title to the immunities of his kingdom. "I had such confidence," said she, "in the safety of my state, and in the certainty of my salvation, that I have often, when standing by the bed of departing friends, felt a perfect willingness to accompany them to the bar of God, and the world of retribution; and, when I thought them unsanctified, to *die for them.*" But notwithstanding all this, she was a stranger to her own heart, and "knew nothing yet as she ought to know." "I was," said she, "a *perfect Pharisee.*"

While she was in this state of self-confidence and delusion, the Rev. Gilbert Tennent arrived in town. Curiosity induced her, as it did many others, to go and hear him preach: little thinking, that a sovereign God had selected him, as the chosen vessel, to bear his treasure to her heart. But so it was. The words of his text were these, "For I through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God." His discourse was "quick and powerful"—it stripped her

of all her imaginary righteousness; and laid her a guilty, condemned, helpless, sinner in the dust before God.* While

* The following sketch of the Rev. Mr. Tennent; with the manner, and the effect, of his preaching at this time; when so many "were pricked to the heart;" cannot but gratify the pious reader. It is taken from Prince's Christian History: and may also be found; together with a full and interesting account of the Revival of Religion in Boston, at that memorable period, in the 7th vol. of the Panoplist.

"Upon the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Tennent's coming and preaching here, the people appeared to be yet much more awakened about their souls than before. He came, I think, on Saturday, Dec. 13, this year; preached at the new North on both the parts of the following day, as also on Monday, in the afternoon, when I first heard him, and there was a great assembly.

"He did not indeed at first come up to my expectation; but afterwards exceeded it. In private converse with him, I found him to be a man of considerable parts and learning; free, gentle, condescending: and from his own various experience, reading the most noted writers on experimental divinity, as well as the Scriptures, and conversing with many who had been awakened by his ministry in New-Jersey, where he then lived, he seemed to have as deep an acquaintance with the experimental part of religion as any I have conversed

walking from church, a few yards behind her sisters, who had accompanied her thither; in deep meditation upon what

with. And his preaching was as searching and rousing as ever I heard.

"He seemed to have no regard to please the eyes of his hearers with agreeable gesture, nor their ears with delivery, nor their fancy with language; but to aim directly at their hearts and consciences, to lay open their ruinous delusions, shew them their numerous, secret, hypocritical shifts in religion, and drive them out of every deceitful refuge wherein they made themselves easy, with the form of godliness without the power. And many who were pleased in a good conceit of themselves before, now found, to their great distress they were only self-deceived hypocrites. And though while the discovery was making, some at first raged, as they have owned to me and others; yet in the progress of the discovery many were forced to submit; and then the power of God so broke and humbled them, that they wanted a further and even a thorough discovery; they went to hear him, that the secret corruptions and delusions of their hearts might be more discovered; and the more searching the sermon, the more acceptable it was to their anxious minds.

"From the terrible and deep convictions he had passed through in his own soul, he seemed to have such a lively view of the Divine Majesty, the spirituality, purity, extensiveness, and

she had heard, and in dreadful apprehension of the ruin which awaited her, as yet "under the law;" on a sudden it seemed as if hell gaped beneath her feet; and she fell like Paul on the plains of Damascus, with her face to the earth, unable to speak, or to move. Her sisters immediately came to her, raised her

strictness of his law; with his glorious holiness, and displeasure at sin, his justice, truth, and power in punishing the damned; that the very terrors of God seemed to rise in his mind afresh, when he displayed and brandished them in the eyes of unreconciled sinners. And though some could not bear the representation, and avoided his preaching; yet the arrows of conviction, by his ministry, seemed so deeply to pierce the hearts of others, and even some of the most stubborn sinners, as to make them fall down at the feet of Christ, and yield a lowly submission to him.

"And here I cannot but observe that those who call these convictions by the name of religious frights or fears, and then ascribe them to the mere natural or mechanical influence of terrible words, sounds, and gestures, moving tones or boisterous ways of speaking, appear to me to be not sufficiently acquainted with the subjects of this work, as carried on in the town in general, or with the nature of their convictions; or at least as carried on among the people I have conversed with."

up, and supported her home. She remained for several weeks in the utmost distress of mind. "The terrors of the Lord" were set in array against her; and she was almost ready, at times, to despair of that mercy which she had so long slighted and despised. One day, after reading the Bible for some time, and attempting repeatedly to pray over it; she shut it up in despair, resolving never to try again—thinking that the more unsuccessful efforts she made, the more sinful she became; and the more wrath, of course, she was treasuring up. This resolution, however, soon failed her, and she determined to make one more trial before she gave up all for lost. With a trembling hand, and an agonized heart, she again took up her Bible, and opened it. Casting her eye, dim and swollen with weeping, upon the sacred page, she read, "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." The hand-writing on the wall of the palace at Babylon was not more appalling to the impious monarch, than this passage of scripture, thus brought to view, was cheering to

her oppressed and desponding heart. She regarded it as a message from the invisible world, encouraged by which, she resolved never to desist pleading for mercy until she had obtained it.* This resolution she was enabled to keep; availing herself at the same time of every opportunity to attend upon the ministrations of Mr. Tennent, whose labors were hardly intermitted during his residence

* How far she was justified, in viewing the passage in this light, I shall not presume to decide. As a general rule, it is doubtless unsafe, to form any conclusion with respect to our character, or duty, by passages of Scripture, suggested to the mind, or presented to the eye. He who could so pervert and misapply the Scriptures, in his conversation with our Lord in the wilderness, as recorded by the evangelists; may have more influence over the minds, and the eyes of men, than some are disposed to acknowledge. Had the text which arrested the attention of Miss Dawes, at this interesting and critical period, been, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting;" it would probably have confirmed her in the opinion that her case was hopeless; and produced a conclusion, directly the opposite of that, which she actually formed—a conclusion which would have been clearly unauthorized. But to such a text she might have opened.

in town. She obtained however, as yet, no evidence of her acceptance. The more she prayed and strove, the more she was convinced of the dreadful depravity of her heart; and of the indispensable necessity of Divine grace *to work within her both to will and to do.* In this state of mind, she heard Mr. Tennent upon the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem. In what manner he treat-

That the Holy Spirit, however, may direct the eye to such a page or line, as is suited to the state of the mind; and calculated to subserve the purposes of his mercy, I am far from denying. Nor do I think it unreasonable to suppose that he sometimes does. But as in a case of this nature, we have no criterion by which to distinguish between *his* agency, and that of the *father of lies*, it is obviously unsafe to be regulated by it. "While pope Alexander was treading on the neck of Frederick the emperor, at Venice, Mr. Fox tells us that he repeated that promise, "Thou shalt tread on the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." When Jehu was driving on furiously and wading through blood to the throne, he would again and again say, *This is the word of the Lord which he spake by his servant the prophet:* yet all the while he was an idolater, under Satan's influence."—*Pike's Cases of Conscience, p.* 376.

ed the subject, I do not recollect to have been told: but the effect was such, as to drive her almost to distraction. She called on Mr. T. immediately after—gave him a full account of herself—and of the strong temptation which she felt to abstain from all farther efforts for the attainment of salvation. He told her that that temptation was from the adversary of souls; and begged her as she valued her eternal welfare, to resist it—assured her that her case was more hopeful than it had ever been before, because she now saw that she was absolutely helpless in herself; and was therefore prepared to receive as a gift, what could never be claimed as a debt. "My dear child," said he, "you must not be discouraged; remember the darkest hour of night immediately precedes the break of day."—He then commended her to him, who is equally the author of spiritual and of natural light; devoutly praying that "the day dawn and the day star might soon arise in her heart." How long her distress of mind continued, I am unable to say. But at length, He, who, in his sovereign grace, had planted the arrows

of conviction in her heart, was pleased to extract them; and apply to the bleeding wound, the balm of consolation and hope.

> "With gentle force soliciting the darts,
> He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade [her] live."

Without communicating the change in her feelings, and prospects, to any of the family; she hastened to the house of Mr. Tennent, where many were convened to consult with him on the state of their souls; and threw herself at his feet, crying out, "O my spiritual father, my spiritual father!" She could say no more. The emotions of her heart were too big for utterance. The good man took her affectionately by the hand, and seated her by his side: and after a few words of advice, suited to the state of her mind, he prayed with her; and then resumed his attention to those with whom he had been conversing before. As the company retired, he requested her to call on him the next day; when she would find him alone; and be better able than she then was, to disclose the exercises of her mind. On her way home, she called at the house of a brath-

er, who was a violent opposer of the work which was then rapidly progressing in the town; told him she had found a Savior, and that she could say of him, as did the queen of Sheba, when beholding the glory of Solomon, "The half was not told me." He received the information with marked displeasure; affected to pity her weakness; and expressed a hope, that she would soon be restored to her right mind again. "Never, my dear brother," replied she, "have I been in my right mind before. I have been wandering from the fountain of living waters, and seeking happiness in objects which cannot impart it—I have been feeding upon husks—empty husks, to the starving of my immortal soul. But blessed be God, *I have come, I trust, to myself;* and returned to my Father's house, where is bread enough and to spare. O that you, my dear brother, might *be as I am, for I was as you are:* and can assure you there is no enjoyment comparable with that, which results from an experimental knowledge of Christ." After addressing her brother in a strain like this, she returned home,

and communicated to her parents the change through which she had passed. They were almost overwhelmed with joy; and united with her in a tribute of thanksgiving to Him, who had raised her feet from the horrible pit and the miry clay, in which they had been so long sunk; and put a new song into her mouth, even praise unto the Lord.

The next day at the hour assigned, she went to Mr. Tennent's. He gave her much judicious counsel, the value of which, in the ardour of her first love, was less appreciated than afterwards, when she came to experience the difficulties, and dangers, of the Christian life. She was much surprised, and grieved, at his telling her, that she would not always continue as she then was—full of confidence and joy. But many weeks had not passed away, before his predictions were verified. A cloud overshadowed her mind; and she was almost ready for a season, to doubt the genuineness of her past experience. This season, however, though distressing, was short. The design of it being answered, in her realizing conviction of her own

weakness, and momentary dependance upon that grace which had begun the good work within her, the light of the divine countenance was restored; and with it, the consolations and hopes which had fled.

This is by no means uncommon. When a soul is first "brought out of darkness into the marvellous light" of the Gospel: when the fulness of Christ—the beauty of holiness—the glory of the promised inheritance, are first revealed by the Holy Spirit, the subject of this discovery fondly imagines that the days of his mourning are ended; and that nothing but peace, hope, and joy, are before him. But though possession is gained where Satan had long held his empire, the hidden enemies of the heart, like the Canaanites to the children of Israel, are to be resolutely resisted. This conflict, so unexpected to the young convert, often fills him with dismay and apprehension, lest his hopes have been vain—he imputes the temptations of Satan, and the remains of indwelling sin, to a total destitution of religious feeling; and hanging his harp upon the willows, sits

down in despair. But as he progresses in the knowledge of himself, and of the word of God; and remembers that even an apostle could say, "I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members," this conflict, though it keeps him humble, and causes him to walk softly before God, is not able, prevailingly, to cloud his evidences of acceptance in the Beloved. This state of religious experience, is thus beautifully described by Newton:

"Though the morn may be serene,
Not a threat'ning cloud be seen;
Who can undertake to say
'Twill be pleasant all the day?
Tempests suddenly may rise,
Darkness overspread the skies!
Light'nings flash and thunders roar,
Ere a short-liv'd day be o'er.

Often thus, the child of grace,
Enters on his Christian race;
Guilt and fear have overborne,
'Tis with him a summer's morn;
While his new-felt joys abound,
All things seem to smile around;
And he hopes it will be fair,
All the day and all the year.

Should we warn him of a change,
He would think the caution strange;
He no change or trouble fears,
Till the gath'ring storm appears,
Till dark clouds his sun conceal,
Till temptation's pow'r he feel;
Then he trembles and looks pale,
All his hopes and courage fail.

But the wonder-working LORD,
Sooths the tempest by his word;
Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
And his sun breaks forth again:
Soon the cloud again returns,
Now he joys, and now he mourns;
Oft his sky is overcast,
Ere the day of life be past."

From this time, she continued to experience, with little interruption, for a long period, the *peace and pleasantness of wisdom's ways.* In her Bible, and closet; in the sanctuary of God, and in the circle of her Christian friends, she found a satisfaction and happiness which she had in vain sought from the world. That ardor of feeling, and vigor of intellect, with which she was naturally endowed; now sanctified by Divine grace, and thus *fitted for the Master's use*, rendered her an ornament to religion—a bright example of every Christian virtue.

Convinced of the necessity, and utility of prayer: and encouraged by the examples of *union* in this exercise, recorded in the sacred volume; she proposed to several of her young female friends, who were "partakers of like precious faith" with herself, to appropriate one afternoon of every week to this most delightful purpose.

Unwilling, however, to act unadvisedly on a subject of so much importance, they applied to their respected pastor, the Rev. Mr. Prince, whose daughter was one of the number, for counsel. Gratified to find they were so piously disposed, he encouraged them to carry their wishes into effect; and assured them of his readiness to give them all the assistance in his power. Desirous of avoiding all ostentation; and as far as possible, publicity; the execution of their purpose was for a considerable time delayed, for want of a suitable place at which to meet. At length, encouraged by the promise, "if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall

be given him;" they set apart a day, on which, unitedly to implore the Divine direction. Immediately after, a striking providence relieved them from their embarrassment, and confirmed their faith, in the efficacy of prayer. Miss Dawes, while returning home from the meeting, through Portland street, observed a lady, with whom she was unacquainted, beckoning to her to approach. "I hear," said she, "my dear, that you have found Christ." "I trust that I have," was the reply; "and *He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.*" "Come in, come in," said the lady, "I want to see and converse with you." The invitation was readily accepted. Miss Dawes then communicated to her, in compliance with her request, the change through which she had passed; and concluded, with mentioning the purpose, for which she, and her Christian companions had been engaged that afternoon. "My dear young friend," said the lady, "God has sent you here. I have this day been kneeling in that place (pointing to a stair

case in sight)* intreating him to open the way for such a meeting as you contemplate, in my house. I am much confined at home; and of course deprived in a great measure of the privileges which others enjoy, who "speak often, one to another," and to God. Nothing could delight me more than to have you convene under this roof. There is but one difficulty which I can think of in the way. My husband, though kind and affectionate to me, is not a man of religion; and may perhaps object. He is out now. But I will ask his consent as soon as he returns, and then let you know the result." The result was as fa-

* A stair-case, may seem at first thought, a very improper place for such an exercise, which our Savior has required to be performed in the most private manner. But when the construction of this part of a building in former times, with two or more angles; and not unfrequently, with a door both at the bottom and top of the stairs, is recollected, the apparent unsuitableness of the place for the service will disappear.

vorable as could have been desired.* A place being now provided for the meeting; the little band, that the design of their union might not in future be frustrated by the admission of unsuitable associates, requested Mr. Prince to draft them a form of covenant, confession of faith, and rules of discipline, which every member should be required to subscribe. This excellent man cheerfully complied with their request; earnestly commending them to "Him, who despiseth not the day of small things."

The society met eighteen years at the house of this pious lady. At the expiration of that time, her husband became

* Happy would it be, were all husbands, who are strangers to religion themselves, equally accommodating to the feelings, and wishes of their "believing wives." But alas! how many excellent women, are so "unequally yoked," as to be deprived in a great measure of the privileges which are indispensable both to their comfort, and improvement. It is strange indeed that a man of integrity and honor, (religious principle aside) can so abuse the confidence reposed in him, and disregard the vows made by him, *before the altar*, as to oppose the best interests, and mar the sweetest enjoyments of a faithful and affectionate wife.

dissatisfied; and another place was procured. It was not long, however, before he regretted the removal—confessed that nothing in his worldly affairs had succeeded to his wishes since; and begged that his house might again become an house of prayer.* Rejoiced at

* Little do the world think, how much they are indebted even for their *temporal prosperity*, to the prayers of the people of God. Were they better acquainted with the Scriptures, or did they credit their testimony more, they would see it to be no less their *interest* than their duty, to increase the number of believing suppliants. Had there been ten righteous persons in Sodom, who with Abraham could have plead in behalf of that guilty city, it would have been spared. "Though Moses and Samuel stood before me," said God to Jeremiah, when interceding for Israel, "my mind could not be towards this people:" Clearly implying, that the supplications of those eminent saints had often been prevalent with him before. "Let me alone" said Jehovah in another case "that I may destroy them," as if He could not execute his purposes even upon the *incorrigibly wicked*, until his people had ceased to pray for them! Has the Most High such respect to the prayers of his people, in his dealings towards cities and nations; and can it be supposed that families, and individuals, as such, are not equally benefited by them?

the change in his mind, the society immediately returned to the place where they at first convened; and which so many seasons—delightful and refreshing seasons of communion with God, and one another, had endeared. There they continued to meet, until the British took possession of Boston, in 1775, when they were dispersed. After the evacuation of the town, they again assembled as before, though in a different place; and have continued to do so, to the present day: the vacancies occasioned by death, and otherwise, being supplied, and more than supplied, by the addition of new members.*

It may perhaps be thought, that some part of the foregoing account savours of superstition. The writer only records facts, which the venerable subject of these Memoirs has often repeated to him

* Should it be thought that the foregoing account is objectionable, as making the society referred to, a subject of public notoriety; the writer observes, that he has been induced to give it, from a persuasion that it may, and in the hope that it will, lead other pious females to "go and do likewise." The spirit of Christianity, indeed, forbids every thing like ostenta-

in the course of his acquaintance with her, and which, in this connection, he presumes will be gratifying to her friends. But are facts of this nature, so very uncommon in the experience of Christians, as to excite astonishment? What evidence is there, that God may not answer the prayers of faith in so immediate, and signal a manner, in reference to particular subjects, as to leave no doubt in the mind of their being thus answered? Prayer, certainly has received immediate and visible answers, in times past. This was the case when the church convened to intercede in behalf of imprisoned Peter. So likewise when the hundred and seventy disciples had assembled with one accord for prayer and supplication previous to the descent of the Holy Ghost: and in numerous other instances recorded in the scrip-

tion and show in matters of religion; but is it not equally opposed to that shrinking timidity, or that pusillanimous fear of man, which could lead its professors to *hide their light under a bushel.* The time, it is hoped, is approaching, when *social prayer* will be so common, that there will be no need of concealment to screen it from the ridicule of an unbelieving world.

tures of truth. And is not the promise, "while they are yet speaking I will hear," as sure in this, as in any preceding age? The nature of religion has not changed, though miracles have ceased; and there can be no doubt, that "the effectual fervent prayers of the righteous," are as availing now, as they were in the days of the apostles and primitive Christians; although those miraculous interpositions of Providence which succeeded *their* supplications, are not now necessary to attest the truth of Revelation.

In 1743, Miss Dawes was united in marriage to Mr. Josiah Waters, a respectable citizen of Boston; with whom she lived in the utmost harmony and affection, about forty years. Three children crowned the felicity of their union. Only two of them, however, a son and daughter, arrived at mature age.

In the relations of domestic life, she was faithful and exemplary. "The heart of her husband safely trusted in her, so that he had no need of spoil." "She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness,"

"She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." Her children were viewed, and treated by her, as immortal and accountable beings—and beings too, entrusted to her care, to be educated for God, and for heaven. Feeling in a degree rarely equalled, and perhaps, never surpassed, the magnitude of her trust, and the weight of her responsibility, she was indefatigable in her efforts for their spiritual culture. "In the morning sowing the seed, and in the evening withholding not the hand." Taught however by her own experience, as well as by the testimony of unerring truth, that the *increase* must come from God, she accompanied all her efforts with devout and fervent prayer.

What a breach would her death have made, at this important period, in her domestic circle. To her children it would have been incalculably great, and absolutely irreparable. How near they came to the experience of it, the following incident will show. One day as she was sitting by a window with her little daughter by her side, she saw three men

of colour walking towards the house. When they came opposite the window, one of them flashed a gun which he held, in the face of the other two. Upon this, Mrs. Waters with her characteristick courage, rapped upon the window with her hand, and reproved him by her looks, for what he had done. He seemed very angry, but passed on. In a few moments she rose to get something from the other side of the room, and scarcely had she reached it, when she was startled by the report of a gun, and by the ashes and smoke which flew from the fireplace before her. Looking round, she saw the glass directly opposite to the spot in which she had been sitting, broken; and the same man whom she had reproved, but a few yards from it, loading his gun again. She immediately informed a Mr. Low, who lived in the adjoining house; but before the villain could be apprehended, he had fired a second time, and mortally wounded one of his own colour who was carrying a child into a confectioner's shop. Several large shot, the contents of the first gun, were afterwards found in the ashes,

within an inch or two of the place where she stood when the discharge was made.

Soon after this, the hand of God was again made bare in her behalf. The circumstances of the case were these. In 1756 a tumour originated in one of her breasts, which the most skilful physicians, after frequent and thorough examination, pronounced to be cancerous. In a few months, it put on a decided appearance; and they unanimously advised to an excision, as the only means of preserving her life. To this she consented; and the day of the operation was assigned. Accustomed to carry every case of difficulty and danger to Him who hath said, "Call upon me in the time of trouble and I will answer thee," the little praying band convened, and "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost" presented the case of their beloved sister before the throne; praying that she might be saved from, or supported under, and carried safely through, the trying scene, as would be most for the divine glory. The surgeons met at her house, the day and hour appointed. On examining her side, they perceived an

alteration had taken place; and after due deliberation, concluded to defer the operation for a few days; in the mean while, prescribing a course of regimen, which they hoped might supercede the necessity of undergoing it. On a second examination, between which, and the first, *prayers*, as in behalf of Peter, *were made without ceasing by the society for her*; they gave it as their opinion, that there would be no occasion for the knife at all. From this period the cancer continued gradually to diminish, till at length it wholly disappeared. While looking forward to the day of expected trial, she received the following letter, which from the excellent spirit that it breathes, and the peculiarly Christian consolation it imparts, cannot fail to be interesting and acceptable to the pious reader.

C——n, April 8th, 1757.

My dear sister Waters,

Since it has pleased my Heavenly Father, to whom I have dedicated myself, and my all, and in whose wise disposals I desire most dutifully to acquiesce, in his infinite sovereignty, to deny me the

privilege, once and again, of meeting and joining with my dear associates in a very important errand at the mercy-seat in your behalf; I take this opportunity to assure you of my most sincere *amen* to their general voice—earnestly imploring that direction, assistance, and support, which may be needful for you, and all who may be called to perform or aid in the operation, should Infinite Wisdom confirm you in your resolution to undergo it. And surely we, of all Christians on the face of the earth, have the highest reason to trust, and hope, in a prayer-hearing God, who has so often, so very often lent a most gracious ear to our poor supplications. O, while we have a being let us use our praying breath. While we live let us honor God, and our Divine Redeemer, by admiring at, and abounding in, the power of prayer. Surely we have had the most abundant experience of its wonderful efficacy.

Indeed my dear sister, your case lies much on my mind by way of tender sympathy and affectionate commiseration; motives, which excite me as I

hope most unfeignedly to carry you daily in my arms to the Great, the Compassionate Physician. His merciful inclination for the relief of his poor dependant creatures, is every way equal to his almighty power. But more especially does his unwearied faithfulness stand engaged for his own chosen, redeemed ones—that precious remnant on whom he hath set his everlasting love. From them, He will withhold nothing that he sees requisite to purify and fit them, for the complete, eternal, uninterrupted enjoyment of himself—their only felicity. And have not you, my friend, the most abundant reason to admire and adore the riches of sovereign grace, which has distinguished you among this happy number? And have you not much for faith to act on, for extraordinary assistance in the greatest extremity, from what you have already experienced; and from the assurance which you have, that as *your sufferings abound, so your consolations also shall much more abound* —that though the old man will rebel, and the flesh shrink back, yet the renewed part will be breathing after a still

nearer conformity to its perfect pattern; rejoicing in all the methods of this conformity, in *suffering* as well as doing? Now, methinks, you will have a strong test of your fidelity and obedience; whether you can freely part with members, sinews, yea life itself at your Heavenly Father's call—and may come off with that glorious triumph—that satisfying confirmation from the mouth of truth itself, which the worthy father of the faithful did—*Now I know that thou fearest me, seeing thou hast not withheld even this from me.* I wish you may indeed find this a sanctified affliction—a grace-strengthening, grace-increasing, sin-killing, soul-subduing, God-glorifying, Christ-exalting dispensation. O that *in the mount the Lord may be seen*, by such ravishing views of his transcendent excellencies in the face of Jesus Christ, as will raise you above every recoiling principle, and emphatically convince the beholders, that there is something real, substantial, noble, in the religion of the blessed Jesus, beyond all the supports in nature's power to bestow. Thus may you have an entire

submission to his divine correction; and find the happy advantage of it, believing,

'Tis for our good that all these ills,
Do happen here below;
'Tis to correct some dangerous sweet,
That else would pois'nous grow.

Now may the eternal God be your refuge, guide, support, and *put a new song into your mouth.* So that there may be abundant occasion to unite in a solemn tribute of praise and thanksgiving on your behalf; and in this sweet exercise will much rejoice to join,

Your most worthless

The preceding accounts, I have often heard Mrs. Waters relate with emotions of lively gratitude to God, who thus remarkably interposed for the preservation of a life, then of the utmost importance to her rising charge. Nor was it important to them alone.

An attention to her domestic duties, though of primary consequence, was far from comprising, in her estimation, the circle of her obligations. She felt herself to be a member of that *great family*,

who are bound in *love to serve one another;* and the dictates of her heart, in this respect, were always in unison with those of her understanding, and conscience. Endowed by nature, with a kind and generous disposition; and furnished by divine grace with unusual measures of Christian sympathy and affection; the poor, and the suffering, were always sure to find in her, "a friend born for adversity"—one who was tenderly alive to all their sorrows, and ready to the utmost of her power, "yea and beyond her power," to relieve them. By great wisdom and economy in the management of her domestic concerns; and a conscientious regard to the apostolic admonition, "I will that women adorn themselves, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (as becometh women professing godliness) with good works;" she was enabled, out of a quite moderate income, to be very liberal in her charities. The following extracts from letters received by her at different times, while they amply attest to this trait in her character, may on other accounts, be worthy of insertion here.

C——d, August 12, 1755.

My dear sister Waters,*

Your kind letter, and what you sent with it, by my sister J. were seasonably received. Before this, I hoped to have enjoyed your company here. But blessed be God, though we cannot see and converse with each other, we are permitted to "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."——Oh! how happy is that person who sets the Lord always before him. I have sometimes thought, that if the example of Christ, in respect to his sufferings, had not, agreeably to the direction of Paul, been *considered* by me, I should have *fainted* in the day of adversity. How contrary to nature is suffering; but yet what a mercy is it to "suffer with Christ, that we may also reign with him!"——Oh! how long a lesson it is, to learn the full meaning of that word, *acquiesce;* how difficult to say from the heart, "Lord not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Your affectionate sister,

S. B.

* Mrs. W. was not related to this person, but is addressed as a sister in Christ.

From the same.

C——d, August 19, 1779.

Dear Madam,

——————I send up many a desire, that if it is the Lord's will, I may once more see you again in the flesh; but above all, that we may at length meet at the right hand of Christ. I think I can say, that I desire to have my will swallowed up in the will of God. He has been with me, my dear friend, in six and in seven troubles. He has broken to me the bread of life, when other bread I had none. Often have these words comforted me in my tribulation.

"Tho' friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die;
My God will make my life his care,
And all my wants supply."

I find it better to trust in the Lord, than to depend upon the best of saints. O! my dear friend, "trust in the Lord at all times." There is no burden but he can ease, no want but he can supply." ——Then follows a statement of her own most pressing necessities; with a modest application for that aid which she

had before received from her friend—an application which doubtless met with an immediate, and cheerful attention.

From the Husband of the same.

C——d, April 18, 1780.

Dear sister Waters,

——Through the goodness and long suffering of God towards us, we continue to the present time. My dear wife remains under very weak and languishing circumstances; an inward fever constantly attending her. Though able to sit up more or less almost every day, she has not walked across the room for four or five months. We have lately had the advice of a very skilful physician, who gives us great encouragement to hope that she may yet be raised, could we procure such things for her, as her condition requires. He particularly recommends raisins and wine.*

* Wine, it is well known, is often recommended now, by our most eminent physicians. But how few in the lower walks of life, are able to procure this article; especially, the kind, and quality, of it, suitable for medicinal

For these we are emboldened to make application to you, with others of our dear friends, under our afflicted and much straitened circumstances; encouraged by your *former acts of kindness and benevolence*, for which we desire renewedly to express our warmest sense of gratitude both to God, and you. Should it please God to incline your heart once more to minister to our ne-

purposes. How many valuable lives, valuable to their families, if not to society at large; are daily terminated, for want of that, which might so easily be spared from the cellars, and the tables, of the affluent. The writer is happy in an acquaintance with some, who of this, as well as of the other "good things," with which a bountiful Providence has loaded them, are "ready to distribute, willing to communicate." But he fears there are many more, whose *lusts* will be found in the day of retribution to have *consumed*, what ought to have "refreshed the bowels of the poor." Could those "who tarry long at the wine," accompany the physician, and the clergyman, in their professional visits to the abodes of sickness and want, methinks their eye would affect their heart, and their heart would impel them more frequently and cheerfully to spare for the *benefit* of *others*, what is now productive only of *injury*, to *themselves*.

cessities, so much the greater will be your reward; for what is done to any of his poor members, though never so unworthy, he takes as done to himself.——————I have been confined at home myself, by sickness, five or six weeks, the winter past.——————

Your sincere friend,
and loving brother,
J. B.

But Mrs. Waters was not satisfied with those common acts of beneficence, which the necessities of the poor imperiously demand; and which it were as unpopular, as unchristian to withhold; she was "ready to every good work," however rare or unexpected, and however justifiable the omission of it might have been in the view of the world, by which, either the temporal, or the eternal interests of others could be advanced. An instance to this purpose, is worthy of being mentioned here. Her chaise, so long as she was able to keep one, was frequently, if not uniformly, employed on the sabbath, in carrying to, and from the

house of God, those who had no conveyance of their own; and who must otherwise have remained at home; or gone out to the hazard of their health and lives. "Often," says one, "have I known it thoroughly drenched in this service." Doubtless she was considered by many, as subjecting herself in this way, to a very needless expense; and none would have thought her under any obligation to incur it. But human opinion was not her standard of action, nor human applause the object after which she aspired. The word of God was the rule, and the glory of God, the end, of her conduct. She remembered it is said, "*whatsoever* ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them." And knowing that nothing could have been more grateful to her, than to have been taken to the sanctuary, had she been unable to have gone thither at her own cost; she rejoiced in the opportunity of imparting the like satisfaction to her indigent friends.

Not only her property, however, but her personal services likewise, were ever at command. The house of mourning,

and the chamber of sickness, were her frequent resort. Blessed with a firm constitution, and great muscular vigour, she was able to do, and to endure, far more than is common to her sex. And it may be affirmed without exaggeration, that she went, both in labor, and privation, to the utmost of her strength—sitting up night after night with the sick; and putting her hand to any service, however menial, by which a pain might be mitigated, or a wish indulged. Having also an unusual measure of natural fortitude, conspiring with Christian resolution and firmness; her presence was much in requisition, both by the physician, and the patient, where any difficult or dangerous operation was to be performed.*

The spiritual welfare of others, however, excited her deepest solicitude, and called forth her most strenuous and unremitted exertions. Knowing herself by bitter experience, "the wormwood and the gall" of sin—unrepented and unpardoned sin, she felt the tenderest concern

* See obituary notice at the end of the book.

for those who were subjected to its influence. And finding the most pure, elevated, and satisfying enjoyment in religion, her "heart's desire and prayer to God," continually was, that they might be brought to partake of it also. A volume might be filled with the striking pertinent remarks which dropped unstudied from her lips, in the ordinary intercourse of life. She seemed never at a loss for reflections suited to the place, and the company in which she was. She had a rare talent of deducing important instruction from the most trifling occurrences—of turning every thing that was said or done to some useful account—of finding

> "Books in the running brooks; tongues in the trees; Sermons in stones; and good in every thing."

If any left her society without profit, it was because they were too blind to discern, or too groveling to prize, the *pearls* that were *cast* at their feet.

Mrs. Waters lived under an abiding impression of the uncertainty of all things here; "having as though she had not, buying as though she possessed not, and using the world so as not to abuse it."

She was accordingly prepared for those vicissitudes and trials, incident to our condition in the present world; by which so many, and many too, who are heirs of another, and an enduring inheritance, are overwhelmed.

When an only daughter, in the vigor of health, and in the midst of usefulness, surrounded by a little group who eminently needed her maternal vigilance and care, was seized with a disorder which in a few hours terminated her life; Mrs. Waters on hearing of her alarming illness went immediately to the house, prepared to administer that counsel and comfort which her situation might demand, or admit. But finding her reason so much affected, as to render impossible the reception of either; the pious mother, instead of yielding, as many others in similar cases have done, to inconsolable grief, took one or more of the grand-children into an adjoining room, and laid the case of their dying parent before the Lord;—earnestly pleading for the preservation of her life, if it might consist with the wise purposes of God; but especially that her "soul"—her immortal

part, "might be in health and prosper." When the scene was closed, she manifested a holy resignation to the will of him, who "giveth no account of any of his matters;" and replied to one who was sympathizing with her under the stroke of his heavy hand, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

In seasons of equal, nay heavier calamity, which need not be specified here, she experienced the firmest support, and was enabled to evince to the admiration of all who were privileged to behold her, the omnipotence of genuine faith—that faith which trusts God in darkness, and "against hope, believes in hope." But it was preeminently in the awful hour, when "the desire of her eyes" was taken from her at a stroke, that her character as a Christian—as a "pilgrim and sojourner" here, was seen in its full-orbed glory. Mr. Waters came home from his shop at one o'clock, in perfect health, and dined with as good an appetite as usual. Soon after dinner, he complained of an unusual sensation in his head, went immediately up stairs to lie down, and never spoke

again. Mrs. Waters sat by his bed till six, and then, with her own hand, closed his eyes in death! "Strange and almost incredible," said she to me, "as it may appear, and wonderful as it was to myself, I never performed an act with greater composure or satisfaction in my life. Though he was the kindest and most affectionate of husbands, his departure did not draw from me a tear, or a sigh. I was swallowed up in God. Every thing compared with his glory, seemed nothing. I could have parted with every friend on earth; and if I had had a thousand lives, could have given them all away." Let it not be thought that this state of mind, was the result of stoical apathy, or indifference to her husband. Few persons possess sensibilities stronger and more ardent than Mrs. Waters—few perhaps, are able more feelingly to appreciate the enjoyments of domestic life—enjoyments connected with, and resulting from an union formed in the vigor of youth, and strengthened by the obligations of mutual kind offices. Nor did the ties of affection alone, tend to make this stroke severe. Her situation in

the world was such as to render the life of her companion very necessary to her temporal interests. But neither the ardor of conjugal love, nor the formidable aspect of lonely and helpless widowhood, could materially affect that "strong consolation," which was inspired in her soul by the Holy Ghost. That a person can realize a loss to be irreparable, and yet submit to it, not only without complaining, but with triumph, must indeed appear inexplicable to those who are unacquainted with the nature of true religion. But to the Christian, there is no mystery in this. He knows there is nothing impossible with God, or impracticable to faith; and under the various calamities of life, is enabled to exclaim,

> "I hear a voice you cannot hear;
> I see a hand you cannot see."

Equally removed was the holy resignation, which the subject of these memoirs experienced at this trying period, from that inactive spirit, which submits because it is too inert to feel. Mrs. Waters felt in all their force, the new obligations which the death of her husband

imposed upon her; and was prepared to enter with redoubled energy upon her duties, as sole head of her family. Precious as was in her view a throne of grace, she felt anxious to direct all connected with, and dependent on her, to the same living fountain, whence she had derived her own supplies: and on the evening of that awful day, which called from the domestic altar her husband and head, she assembled around it her bereaved household, and took the lead in the same solemn and delightful duties which he had been accustomed to perform. To this laudable practice she adhered, so long as she remained in a family state, which was about four months from her husband's decease.

Under this, in itself, most distressing visitation of Divine Providence; she received the condolence of her Christian friends, both at home and abroad. The tender, and scriptural expression of this, in the two following letters to the mourning widow, will doubtless be interesting to the reader.

LETTER I.

Friday morning.

There is none of your surrounding friends, my dear madam, that more sincerely sympathizes with you on this melancholy occasion, than I do. Would it were in my power to be with you. But my unhappy situation as to health, prevents. I wish quietly to submit to the dispensation of Providence in thus correcting me. You, my much esteemed friend, are now experiencing, I trust, those divine supports which the world can neither give, nor take from you—you have a Blessed Rock to rest on; a covenant-keeping God to fly to. There is your support. O what a stay it is, to have the divine promises for your own! You have my prayers to God for you, that you may be sustained in this day of adversity. If we aright feel the rod, it will be a blessing. This sudden death of Mr. Waters, is a loud call to each of us, to be also ready. He, I trust, has received that blessed euge—"Well done thou good and faithful servant;" and is now triumphing "in the joy of

his Lord." May we all endeavour to follow him, wherein he followed his Blessed Master. Mama desires her kind love, and assurances of her remembrance of you.———

Believe me,
yours affectionately,
D. M.

LETTER II.

Quebec, 5th June, 1785.

My dear Madam,

When Mrs. W. mentioned to me your desire, that I would write to you on the afflictive providence it has pleased your Heavenly Father to visit you with, I felt myself inadequate to the office of a comforter. Ah! my friend I have been made to drink deep in affliction's cup, and have tasted the wormwood and the gall in a variety of trials; but have not been called to take of that potion which you have been made to receive. Yet I would earlier have noticed your request, had an opportunity to pass a letter to you offered. I hope however it is not too late to say, that I do truly sympathize with you, and most ardently

wish you a sanctified improvement of all God's dealings with you, a thorough resignation to his holy will, and that as gold purified in the fire, you may come from this furnace, brightened for future usefulness. When afflictions, my friend, work humility, and wean us from a too eager pursuit after this world, we have reason to hope they do us good, and are designed in mercy. These happy effects I trust you find; and are enabled to acquiesce in this tribulation, which for the present is not joyous. 'Tis sad indeed to see our beloved, the darlings of our souls laid in the dust. But let us remember that it is but for a little season; that they will not always continue thus. This short nap will soon be over, and they shall awake—they shall arise, mortality shall be swallowed up of life! Then shall they appear in the complete and all-perfect robe wrought out for them by the righteousness of the Redeemer, and purchased with his blood. Let us then, my dear, dry up our sorrows. The hour is hastening when our Lord shall come; and those who sleep in him, he will bring with him. Our

dear departed ones shall then shine forth as the stars. Those gross bodies of dust and earth shall be refined, and become glorious bodies, fitted for heavenly employments and heavenly pleasures. They now rest from their labors! they have passed the ocean death; while we, my dear friend, are still tossed to and fro on this sea of glass and fire, as one expresses it. Oh, may those afflictive providences with which we have been visited, make us more willing to follow them; and excite in us the most ardent desires after those mansions of perfect love, and peace, and holiness, where we may behold the glories of the Lamb, and join in the celestial employment of ascribing everlasting praises to his name.

I leave many things unsaid, (which my full heart dictates) for want of time. But I cannot conclude, without making a particular request, to be daily remembered in your petitions at the throne of grace.

Your very sincere,
though unworthy friend,
A. W.

The following elegiac lines, composed by one of her Christian friends, were sent to her on the occasion.

Ye tender souls whose wounded bosoms know,
The last extreme of matrimonial woe;
You who have felt the agonizing stroke,
When death's dread shaft the tenderest union broke;
You only know the anguish—you can tell,
By sympathy, the dreadful pangs I feel.

Sweet were the rolling hours, and months, and years,
When with my partner thro' this vale of tears,
I trod the varied path—if pressed with grief,
Divided sorrow found in love relief;
If smiling pleasure crown'd the joyful hour,
Communication added to its power.
Reverberated scenes of pure delight,
Wound up the strings of pleasure to their height.

But O! no more!—the hand of death lets fall
The awful curtain—the funereal pall
Shuts up the scene—beneath its solemn shade,
He's to *the appointed home for all* convey'd.
There he shall sweetly slumber in the dust,
Till the last trumpet shall awake the just.

Hence I must walk life's gloomy path alone,
Since my lov'd partner is forever gone.
Ha! gone *forever*—O! that dreadful sound,
Shoots thro' my soul, and opens every wound.

Without one parting word! one last farewell,
His lips by death's irrevocable seal
Shut in eternal silence?—clos'd his eyes
In everlasting shade?—No, he shall rise,
And *in his flesh with joy behold his God,*
When his Redeemer comes, (whose precious blood
Bought peace and pardon for rebellious men,
When pour'd out on the cross.)—Yea he shall reign
With him forever.—In this blessed hope,
He joyful liv'd—supported by this prop,
Peaceful he died.—'Tis the true Christian's bliss,
To live in comfort, and to die in peace.

Shall I then mourn because the signal's given,
For him to change this sinful world for heaven?
Shall I repine at my Redeemer's will,
And groan discordant when I should be still?
Be still, and know that he is God alone,
And acquiescing say, *Thy will be done.*

Hush then my grief, my tears forbear to flow,
My tears are impious, impious is my woe.
Blessed be God, that he so long has lent,
So rich a blessing, which at first he sent;
Forever blessed be our gracious Lord,
Who does such comfort in distress afford.
The hour approaches on the wings of love,
When we shall meet in the bright world above,
In endless union—hand in hand adore
The God that join'd us, then to part no more.
Responsive to the universal joy,
While Alleluias all our tongues employ.

Many months had not elapsed from the death of Mr. Waters, when another trial, wholly unexpected, came upon her. Her husband, though, as intimated before, not affluent, had acquired by diligent attention to business, that competence, which the poet says, and which experience proves, "is vital to content." And as her family was small, and her wants were few, it was supposed that after the settlement of his affairs, sufficient would be left for her comfortable maintenance through life. Of this she had no doubt herself. What then must have been her disappointment and grief, when informed, as she was, even before her funereal weeds were laid aside, that her property was gone—wholly gone! and that the hardships of penury, must henceforth be added to the distresses of widowhood!

Now, methinks, that patience and devout resignation to the will of God, which she had so wonderfully manifested under former calamities, will fail; and we shall hear her protesting in the bitterness of unmingled grief, that her sufferings are greater than she can bear.

But no. In this, as in every other affliction that had befallen her, she recognized the hand of God—her covenant-keeping God; and doubted not, that the same grace which had supported her in *six*, would prove sufficient for her, in *seven troubles*.

In all my acquaintance with Mrs. Waters, I never heard her contrast her condition in a pecuniary respect, with what it formerly was, but in a single instance; and then, only for the purpose of attesting to the faithfulness of God, in providing for her wants—in keeping her "barrel of meal and her cruise of oil" supplied. "From the time," said she, "that my Heavenly Father was pleased to deprive me of my property, I never once looked back upon it with regret, or with a wish to recover it. I knew he was able to make up for the loss in something better—in "bags that wax not old; a treasure in the heavens that faileth not." I fully believed that he would. And I have not been disappointed. I can truly bless him for that, as well as every other dispensation of his providence. I can see nothing but wisdom and good-

ness, in all the way in which I have been led."

The peculiar, and most distressing reverses which Mrs. Waters experienced, prepared her to enter with lively interest into the feelings of others in affliction; and contributed to render her, what she eminently was, *a daughter of consolation*. Many, yet on earth; many more, I doubt not, now in heaven, can bear witness to her instructive and soothing conversation, when the rod of God was upon them; and will have reason forever to bless his name, for sending them such a friend—one who had felt herself, the sorrows which she condoled; and exemplified the virtues—the *passive* virtues which she recommended.

Mrs. Waters was distinguished as a *peace-maker—a repairer of domestic breaches*. Whenever she heard of any differences existing in the circle of her friends, she applied herself immediately to remove them: and so judicious, tender, and conciliatory, was her conduct on these occasions, that it seldom failed of the desired success. Indeed, so noted was she for this most honorable

and Christian characteristic, that she was frequently sent for as an umpire in cases of this sort.

Closely allied to the preceding trait in the character of Mrs. Waters, was another, still more rare, and not less desirable—that of a *reprover*. Remembering the solemn vows which she had so often made, in common with others, on the admission of members to the church with which she was connected;—"we will watch over you not for your halting but for your edification;" she could not, she dared not, suffer sin in any of them to go unrebuked. Far from that exclusive and selfish spirit which is satisfied with its own rectitude, and heeds not the mistakes or miscarriages of others, she felt, that as a member of that body of the Lord which is composed of all his professing people, she was in a sense affected by, and responsible for, the conduct of all, so far as it could be influenced by her counsel and advice. She was accordingly fitted in no common degree, for that difficult and self-denying, but most important and salutary duty, of which David speaks when he says,

"Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head."* But while she was faithful in admonishing a brother or a sister, she was never heard proclaiming their faults upon the house top; or so much as making those faults the topic of conversation with her friends, unless to answer some obviously important end.

Happy would it be for our churches, were their members more generally disposed to follow this estimable example.

In so high esteem was she held by her Christian friends, that so long as she was

* "We should indeed study to profit by the *reproaches* of our enemies, and by the severe rebukes of those who mean well, but are unskilful; but that *reproof*, which is given with prudence, meekness, piety, and affection, insinuates, and lubricates like a healing ointment; it causes little pain or irritation, and produces abundant good. And no benefactors are more entitled to our gratitude and our prayers, than reprovers of this character; because none serve us in a more disinterested and self denying manner. Yet, alas! flatterers are generally more favored, even by professing Christians: and this plain dealing is lamentably sunk into disuse, to the unspeakable detriment of true piety."—*Scott in loco.*

able to go abroad, she seldom dined at home—some one of them sending for her every morning to pass the day. But plentifully as they "ministered to her of their carnal things," they will bear me witness when I say, that they received far more than an equivalent, in her "spiritual things"—her "speech being always with grace, seasoned with salt." Carrying into society a heart enlivened by devotion, and "lips just touched with a coal from off the altar"* her conversation on the best of subjects, was singularly copious and free—so much so, that she would often apologize for engrossing so large a proportion of the time and attention of her friends—saying that it would better become her, to hear than to speak. To this sentiment however, none were ready to accede—all, esteeming it a privilege to listen to, and learn of, one, who had been so long, and apt a scholar in the school of Christ.

Mrs. Waters was remarkable, for the facility with which she adapted her con-

* She never allowed herself to go out, till eleven o'clock, spending the preceding hours in her chamber, alone.

versation, to the age and tastes of the young. Instead of that rigorous severity, bordering upon misanthropy, with which persons in advanced life, are too much accustomed to regard the vivacity and cheerfulness of youth, she entered even to the last, with an interest which won their confidence, into all their innocent pursuits and pleasures.

> "For well she knew—the ear of youth
> Is trebly barr'd against the truth,
> That comes disfigur'd in the dress
> Of cold and scowling wretchedness."—

Well she knew, that, to excite unnecessary prejudices against a religion, whose peculiar office it is, to bring peace and joy to men; by exhibiting it only through the cloudy and cheerless medium of ascetic and cynical austerity, is both dishonorary to that religion, and injurious to its interests. She was a striking witness to the truth of the inspired declaration, that "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness;" and thus was eminently qualified to recommend the pursuit of wisdom to those, who are wont to associate it only with melancholy and gloom; and of course, to consider

it as wholly unsuited to that period of life, when the spirits are buoyant, and the thirst for enjoyment keen.

Mrs. Waters, as every advanced Christian must be, was *spiritually-minded.* Though her conversation was always cheerful, and sometimes even humourous, it was evident that her heart still tended upwards. Though the topics of the day were not viewed by her as indifferent, they uniformly led her to those of a more serious and important nature. She entered upon the former, as one who while living in the world, is necessitated in some measure to take a part in its concerns: upon the latter, as if the subjects to which they related, involved in them her strongest hopes, her highest interests, her noblest enjoyments. It was no effort for her, to speak often concerning the things of the kingdom. No, for there was her treasure—there, her heart. Not like too many professors, who can talk fluently when the news or fashions of the day are the topics of discussion; but who manifest the most chilling indifference, perhaps the most evident displeasure, when re-

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ligion is the theme. Ah! can such persons be denominated "strangers and pilgrims on the earth?" Are they not rather strangers to every thing but earth, and the things which are earthy?

After what has been already said, it may be deemed superfluous to add, that Mrs. Waters was preeminently of a *prayerful spirit*. But this trait, though plainly deducible from the preceding narrative, deserves, both from its intrinsic importance, and from the prominent rank which it held in her character, to be distinctly stated, and observed. She seemed, not merely in seasons of extraordinary excitement, as when troubles rise, or mercies flow, but habitually, and constantly, to *act* under the impression of what many *acknowledge*, that "all things are of God;" and that *prayer* is the means which he has appointed on our part, for the attainment of blessings. Thus, in obedience to the apostolic direction—a direction which so many are at a loss to understand, she "prayed without ceasing;" and "in every thing, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let her requests be made known

unto God." This naturally led her to observe the ways of Providence, and to trace the operation of a Divine hand, where they are generally overlooked. Innumerable were the instances in which she was able to see, too clearly to be doubted, the connection which Divine wisdom has constituted between asking, and receiving; seeking, and finding. And so accustomed was she to a strong and unwavering faith, when pleading for blessings which were in store for her; and which only waited the request; that an utter destitution of this faith, or an incapacity to act it in any case, was to her mind an almost infallible evidence, that the blessing in that case, was not to be bestowed. The following circumstance will exemplify the preceding remarks.

When the Rev. Dr. Eckley, under whose ministry Mrs. Waters had set with great pleasure and profit upwards of thirty years, was attacked with the fever of which he died; she was very urgent and copious in her petitions for his recovery. The morning of his decease, when she came down to breakfast, she told the family, with mingled emotions

of submission and grief, that her beloved pastor was at rest. They asked her how she had heard. "I have not heard," was the reply, "but I have been trying ever since I awoke this morning to obtain nearness and freedom of access to God in his behalf: but my efforts have been in vain. I doubt not he is beyond the reach of prayer—among the saints in glory." They immediately sent to inquire, and found that their fears were realized—that the Doctor was no more.

Mrs. Waters's devotional exercises, as I have been told by those who were accustomed to hear them, were singularly excellent; blending a freedom and confidence, with a reverence and awe, which manifested at once, her familiarity with the throne of grace, and her sense of the purity and majesty of him, who sits propitious on it. Always pertinent, and copious, she was sometimes, elevated and sublime. Her allusions to scripture, more especially the historical and poetic parts of the Old Testament, were generally new; and yet, so judicious, apposite, and striking, that every one wondered they had never been

thought of before. For several of the last years of her life, her feelings were often wrought up in prayer to such a pitch, as entirely to exhaust her strength, and render it necessary for her friends at the close of the exercise, to raise her from her knees.

She was a regular and devout attendant upon public worship, a few weeks in the winter of 1814 excepted, till about eighteen months prior to her death—a friend, in the kind providence of God, having generously furnished her with the means of conveyance, for many years after she was unable to walk.* Of this

* Thus she realized the fulfilment of the promise, by which the wise-man enforces the exhortation to charity—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Little probably did she think, when employing her chaise on the sabbath in conveying the poor and the weak to the house of God, that she should ever stand in need herself of the like office from others. But so it was—and who in this chequered and fluctuating state, can be secure of the continuance of his present enjoyments; or deem it unnecessary, even so far as his temporal and selfish interest merely is concerned, to "make to himself friends of the unrighteous mammon?"

she often spoke with the liveliest gratitude, towards both her Divine, and human benefactor—esteeming it a favor for which she could never be sufficiently thankful, that, instead of being confined to the chamber or the couch, as hundreds less advanced, and many not more infirm were, she should be enabled every returning sabbath, to wait upon God in his courts. On retiring from the sanctuary, she would frequently say, whether I am a child of God or not, one thing I know, that "I love the habitation of his house, the place where his honor dwelleth."

The sentiments which she loved to hear from the desk, and the explicit avowal of which, she deemed indispensable to fidelity on the part of a minister, and to profit on the part of a people, were; the lost condition of man by nature—the necessity of a radical change, to render him holy in this world, and happy in the next—the insufficiency of repentance to atone for sin, and of our own righteousness to justify us in the sight of God—the vicarious obedience and propitiatory sufferings of the Lord

Jesus Christ in the behalf of sinners—the application of his merits by the agency of the Holy Ghost, working faith in the heart—the equality of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost with the Father. These were the prominent articles of her creed; not "received by tradition from the fathers," but by an humble, prayerful study of the scriptures; and confirmed by her own experience—the kingdom of God within her. To discourses founded on these and their kindred truths, she listened with the profoundest attention, and the highest delight; and often appeared to be, as she doubtless was, in the exercise of prayer during the delivery of them, that they might be accompanied with "power, and with the Holy Ghost, and with much assurance," to the hearts of all who heard them. Many, doubtless, will long remember the very deep interest which she took in young ministers of the Gospel, and in candidates for the sacred office, whose preaching was imbued with those sentiments; and the holy fervor with which she would wish them God-speed, in the execution of their momentous trust.

In October of 1814 her strength was so much reduced by one of those attacks to which persons in advanced life are liable, that for a time little hope was entertained of her recovery. Calling to see her one morning, I was surprised at the change which had taken place—the colour had left her cheek, and her voice naturally loud and full, was weak and tremulous. "I am yet alive," said she, as I seated myself by her side—then, suddenly raising her hands and eyes to heaven, she added, "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me:" and repeated the words with an ardor and emphasis which cannot be described. She spoke much at this time, of her unprofitableness under the many advantages for religious improvement, by which for so many years she had been distinguished—wondered at the forbearance which had suffered such a cumberer of the ground to stand so long—and breathed out the most fervent desires that her last days, in regard to her usefulness to men, and her devotion to God, might be her best.

During this illness, she made frequent inquiries respecting the church of which

she was a member; and often expressed a hope, that, if it could consist with the purposes of God, she might live to see a revival of religion in the town.

The following circumstance, though in itself, of trifling importance, deserves to be related, as evincive of her confidence in God, and of the fulfilment of that gracious promise, "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be." She had been always, from early life, much agitated in time of fire. As soon as the alarm was given, though from ever so distant a part of the town, a tremour seized her frame, and continued to affect it, more or less, till the cause had ceased. While confined to her bed by this indisposition, and very weak, a fire broke out in a stable directly opposite to the house in which she lived, and the chamber in which she lay. Her friends, knowing her constitutional timidity in this particular, were greatly apprehensive that in her feeble state, the shock would overpower her. Having prepared every thing for her removal, in case it should be necessary, they communicated the intelligence to her, entreating her at the

same time, not to be alarmed. To this, she immediately replied, with a composure which astonished them all, that she was not alarmed in the least; as she evidently was not during the continuance of the fire; although the danger was great. Soon after it was over, she said to one of the family, "what has made me so different now, from what I always have been in time of fire?—nothing but the grace, the wonderful grace of God!" She then proceeded, according to her usual custom, to moralize upon the event: and to deduce, from what she had experienced, an argument to future confidence in the all sufficiency of him, who, "out of weakness, can ordain strength."

In a few weeks, contrary to the expectations of all, she was enabled to leave her chamber: and as soon as the weather was sufficiently mild, again appeared in the circle of her friends, and in the sanctuary of God. From this time, she continued to enjoy her wonted degree of health, till the 30th of April, 1815: when she had a slight paralytick stroke, which deprived her of reason for a few hours; and again led her friends to ap-

prehend that her departure was near. During the succeeding night, as she informed me, a day or two after, she got no sleep: but was indulged with such clear discoveries of the Divine perfections, and of her personal interest in the Divine favor, that, for a time, with the apostle, she could hardly tell whether she was in the body or out. "It seemed," said she, "as if the blessed Gospel was open before me, and the finger of God was pointing to its precious promises—I could not sleep; I had no inclination to drowse; I dreaded the approach of morning; lest *he, who giveth songs in the night*, should withdraw from me." I told her she was very much favored, to enjoy so strong and uniform a hope. "O! yes," she replied, "I have not a doubt of my interest in Christ. Satan tries to shake my hope; but he cannot prevail; 'tis built upon a rock."

From this time, she seemed to relinquish all expectation of recovery; and to have no other desire than that of honoring God, and recommending the Gospel of his grace to the acceptance of all about her. None, it is presumed,

ever visited her chamber, without carrying from it a deep impression of the reality and excellence of religion: though in many cases, there is reason to fear, the impression was soon effaced.

In one of my visits, she replied to the common question respecting her health, "I am well. I have the presence of God my Savior—and his favor is life, is better than life. O! I can recommend the Blessed Jesus, as worthy of all acceptation." Then raising her eyes streaming with tears, she poured out her full soul in a strain of thanksgiving and praise, for the riches of redeeming love, which gave me a clearer idea of the heavenly employments, than I had ever before conceived. "What a glorious Master," said she, turning to me as she closed, "do you serve!—in what a blessed employment are you engaged!—it is to win souls to Christ." To a remark of mine, respecting the difficulty and responsibleness of the trust, she replied, "true, but remember the promise, "Lo I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." Here is wisdom, and strength, and sufficiency of every kind."

After more to this effect, she added, "I rejoice in the accessions which are made to the church. Mr. ——— has been much on my heart. He is a grandson of an old friend of mine, with whom I often took sweet counsel—many have been the happy, and I would hope, profitable hours, which we have spent together. In him, as a descendant of hers, I have felt a peculiar interest. One night in particular, during his sickness, I could not sleep for the longing I had for his soul—that the dealings of Divine Providence might be sanctified to him; and that his life, if spared, might be wholly devoted to God."

Soon after this, I called to see her again: found her in a languid, and apparently lethargick state. I entered immediately on religious topicks. Her countenance brightened apace; and she talked incessantly, and with continually increasing animation, for half an hour. I had just come from the funeral of an aged friend of hers, who had always been of a fearful, desponding mind; though regarded by all who knew her, as truly

pious.* After speaking of this trait in her character, I said to Mrs. Waters, "you have none of those fears, by which Mrs. ——— was so much in bondage." "No," she replied, "I am free from them; but still, I am not without my fears. I have a dreadfully deceitful heart. I dare not trust that, a moment. But there is one whom I can trust. I have found him faithful for nearly eighty years; and he is "the same yesterday, to day, and forever." In a few moments after, she broke forth in a strain like this:—"O! what astonishing condescension in the Holy God, to take up his residense in such a polluted heart as mine! Where is there another such an unworthy wretch as I am! I have dwelt all my life in Goshen, and yet how unprofitable I have been! O! if it were

* I have lately been informed, that Mrs. Waters was the honored instrument of bringing this person to an experimental acquaintance with religion. And from the very strong attachment which subsisted between them, presume that the information is correct. The hand of death separated them for a little season: but they are now reunited, never more to part.

not for the blood, and intercession of the Blessed Jesus, I must perish forever! Thanks, everlasting thanks to God, for his unspeakable gift!"

Dec. 30th. I found her very weak, and exercised with severe pain in her head. "I have not," said she, "had a moment's ease, for more than forty-eight hours. Last night, it seemed as if the crown of my head would fly off. I was involuntarily constrained to hold it with my hand, the palpitation was so violent and distressing. But my Savior does not leave me. Thus far, he has given me strength according to my day: and blessed be his name, I am enabled to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." I would not have any of the Divine dealings towards me altered. I know that I have not a single unnecessary pain, or trial. I am a rough stone, and need a great deal of hammering and hewing to fit me for the Master's use. O! if I may but compose a part of that glorious building of which he is the corner stone—the sure foundation; welcome pain, welcome suffering of any kind, as the means to prepare me for it."

February 20th. 1816, in the morning, "I have had a delightful night—not a great deal of sleep; but my wakeful hours were as refreshing as any. The Spirit of God has been as it were leading me into the treasures of his holy word. O! the exceeding great and precious promises of the Gospel! and that they should be made to such a wretch as I am—how wonderful! What shall I render to the Lord? I hope God will not leave me to self deception. I believe he will not; but I have a desperately wicked and deceitful heart; and Satan has been very busy with me of late—gladly would he have me that he might sift me as wheat: but I have one, I trust, to advocate my cause, who will not suffer my faith to fail. "The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed," "Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Again speaking of the disorder in her head, she said, "I have great pains, but I have great supports too. Though the hand of the Lord is upon me, the everlasting arm is underneath me. I have so many mercies mingled with my trials, that they can hardly be called trials."

"I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains."

As I went out, "The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord give you many souls as the seals of your ministry, and as jewels in your eternal crown."

For several weeks from this time, she was so comfortable as to sit up most of the day, and to see her friends as when she was in health. In the beginning of March, 1816, I heard that she was more unwell, and called immediately to see her. I found her very feeble in body, but unusually strong in mind. "I feel," said she, as I took her by the hand, "as if I was soon to leave you. Heaven seems very near. O! how delightful, how glorious the prospect!"

"O, glorious hour! O, bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God:
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul."

"O! my dear sir," added she, after a moment's pause, "recommend the Bless-

ed Jesus—recommend him to my dear relatives and friends—recommend him to the whole of your flock; you cannot exalt him too high, or honor him too much. I have tried him, and I have found him able and faithful. He is "a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." Tell the dear brethren and sisters of the church, tell them from me, 'tis my last request, to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with their glorious Head—to devote themselves with greater ardor and constancy to his service. I have been an unprofitable servant. I have great cause for humiliation before God; but I have not a doubt of my salvation. "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and "the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." One present, beginning to make a remark respecting the usefulness of her life, she immediately interrupted her, by saying, "Give thanks to God, for what he hath wrought in me, and done by me. If I have been of any benefit to my fellow creatures, the excellency of the power has been of him, and

to him be all the glory. I desire to be nothing. I am nothing. Christ is all in all." To nothing was she more reluctant, than to have herself, her virtues, her merits, the topic of discourse. "Christ and his cross were all her theme." On this theme she would dwell, till her exhausted powers compelled her reluctantly to feel, what she seemed almost to have forgotten, that *mortality was not yet swallowed up of life.*

In the evening of March 17th. she was thought by her friends to be dying: and so she thought herself. With the most perfect composure, she called the family around her bed; told them that the hour of her deliverance was at hand; and begged them not to be alarmed, or distressed, for that she *longed for the glorious jubilee.* From this state, however, she again revived: and I found her the following evening, much as she had been for some weeks past. It was dusk when I entered her chamber, so that she could not discern me: but no sooner did I speak, than she knew my voice; and began, as she had often done before, to pronounce her blessing upon

me. "O! what an honor," said she, as she closed, "is put upon you to be an ambassador for Christ—to be sent from the court of heaven with terms of capitulation, with articles of peace, for rebellious men! And think too, of the reward!—let it encourage you in difficulty, let it excite you to diligence, unfainting diligence in your Master's service—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Having returned, a day or two before, from a place where there was a considerable revival of religion, I mentioned the fact, with some particulars respecting it, to her. Her countenance brightened with joy, and tears flowed down her furrowed cheek, while she gave vent to the emotions of her heart in a strain of thanksgiving to him, who "never leaves himself without a witness that he is gracious." "O," said she, in language to this effect, "could I see the goings of my God and King as I have seen them here—as I saw them in the days of my youth, when God called me, as I trust, to the saving knowledge of himself, and "revealed his Son in me," with aged

"Simeon, who had long waited for the consolation of Israel," I could say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." But whether I live too see this glorious day, or not, it will come, yes," with indescribable emphasis she added, "I know it will come; for, "God hath said it, and shall he not do it? He hath promised, and shall he not bring it to pass? Yea his word standeth sure, the thoughts of his heart to all generations." Being asked how her eye-sight was, she replied, "O, as to that, it is almost gone; but so long as the eyes of my understanding are not darkened, and God is pleased to give me "the light of the knowledge of his glory, in the face of Jesus Christ," what need I care? I sometimes feel, as if I should be glad to see enough to read the Scriptures: but then again, when I think that I can remember so much of what I have read in times past, and meditate upon it, I see no great reason to lament even the loss of that privilege—certainly none to repine at it. O! I am dealt with very graciously. Nothing

is wanting but a heart to feel, and a tongue to speak my obligations." "How," I asked, "is the pain in your head?" "Sharp," said she, "and constant. It deprives me of sleep. I lie awake sometimes, almost the whole night: but my meditation of God is sweet and refreshing."

"Cease all my angry passions then;
Let each rebellious sigh,
Be silent at his sovereign will;
And every murmur die."

March 22d. "O! my dear friend, the Lord is very gracious to me. He makes all my bed in my sickness. He gives the sweetest manifestations of his favor to my soul. I know, yes, I know in whom I have believed. Jehovah-Jesus has become my salvation. He shed his precious blood to wash away my sins; and as a proof that his offering is accepted in the court of heaven, he sends down the Comforter into my heart. 'Tis the price of blood—the blood not of bulls and of goats, but of the Lamb of God. It is the earnest of heaven—"the pledge of joys to come." Rejoice with me—pray for me; and help me to pre-

sent my poor petitions and thanksgivings before the throne. How is the dear church? Next sabbath they are to sup with Christ at his table. Blessed privilege! May his fruit be sweet to their taste. I have no expectation of uniting with them in that ordinance again. But I trust I feed continually upon the hidden manna—the bread which cometh down from heaven, of which if a man eat he shall never die. Give my love to the dear brethren and sisters. Tell them to give all diligence to make their calling and election sure—to see that they have oil in their lamps; that they may be ready, at a moment's warning, to go forth and meet the Bridegroom. Entreat them from me, to improve their privileges—to distinguish themselves from the world—to be holy in all manner of conversation. I long to hear of their prosperity, and of their increase. Oh! it grieves me to think, (tears starting from her eyes) that so many should slight and despise the Blessed Jesus—the sinner's friend. They know not what they do—they realize not his excellency—they discern not his beauty, or

they could not. The good Lord take the scales from their eyes, in time."

> "Dearest of all the names above,
> My Jesus and my God;
> Who can resist thy heavenly love
> Or trifle with thy blood?"

One of the family fearing that she would be carried by her feelings beyond her strength, begged her to stop. "My dear," said she, in reply, "how can I stop? My heart is full; and out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth will speak." Then, with her hands and eyes raised to heaven, she tremulously added,

> "I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
> And when my voice is lost in death,
> Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
> My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
> While life, and thought, and being last,
> Or immortality endures."

Perceiving that she began to be fatigued, I took her by the hand, and was going to leave her; but she restrained me; repeating her expressions of solicitude for the church, and her devoutest wishes for the success of my labors.

Sunday afternoon, March 24th. "I have been exercised with much pain through the day. My mind has been confused and bewildered. But I trust I have not been altogether without the presence of my Lord. My meditation of him, at times, has been sweet. I hope you have had a refreshing season in his courts. Oh! when I think of my past privileges—the many years I have lived in Goshen; and the little fruit I have brought forth, I feel astonished at the forbearance of God."

"O! to grace how great a debtor!"

Some of my friends tell me of my goodness: but they don't know my heart. 'Tis by nature a sink of pollution: and if it has been in any measure purified, let divine grace have all the glory. She then repeated with perfect accuracy, and lively interest, six or eight verses of a hymn, called "The Heavenly Strife," which she had committed to memory in early life, and which she deemed a just expression of the feelings of all who have been "born of God."

Sunday, March 31st. "I hope," said she, as I took my seat by her side, "that you have had a good day—a day of the right-hand of the Most High. It has been a precious season to my soul—a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. I have been all day at the cross of Jesus, sleeping and waking. Oh! when shall I see him as he is; and by seeing him, be changed into the same image?

"When shall the day dear Lord appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above?
And stand, and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?"

On being asked if she longed for a dismission from the body, she answered, "I long to be where God would have me, and what God would have me. I long to have no will of my own—to be swallowed up in the Divine will. I have infinite reason to rejoice in the government of God. I do rejoice in it: and I will rejoice in it, whatever becomes of me." Being about to offer a prayer for her, she requested me to pray, that she might be enabled to honor God—to honor him in life, and in death—

to recommend Immanuel and his religion with her latest breath, to all around her. The family informed me, that she called them all up into her chamber the day before, that they might unite with her, in praising and glorifying God for his mercy. "I have been my dears," said she to them, "upon Pisgah. I have had a view of the land of promise. I want the tongue of Gabriel. O! if I had the tongues of a thousand Gabriels, I should be unable to express, what I have seen and felt."

Tuesday, April 5th. "I have had," said she, "a poor day. I feel uneasy and restless in every situation: "my bed refuses to comfort me." I hope I shall not be left to repining thoughts. I desire to be resigned to my heavenly Father's will, and to endure chastising as a child. O! if I am but purified, and made meet for his glorious presence, it will be enough: I ask no more." Her memory had failed very much, since my last visit. She thought it was the sabbath; and every few moments, made some inquiries accordingly. After having been repeatedly told of her mistake,

she said, "well, it has been a sabbath, I trust, to me; and that may be the reason of my impression. He who walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks, has drawn near to my soul; and enabled me to say, *it is good to be here.* All places are alike, and each one a Bethel, where God is."

The following sabbath, I found her sitting in her chair; but extremely feeble. It seemed an effort for her to speak a single word: yet "the abundance of her heart," would not suffer her to be silent. The crucifixion of Christ employed her thoughts: and, as if apprehending her memory to be more defective than it was, she made frequent inquiries respecting the circumstances of that wonderful scene. "Was not Joseph of Arimathea," said she, "an honorable counsellor?" On being answered in the affirmative, she added—"And what an honor was conferred upon him, in having the body of the Blessed Jesus to perfume his tomb!" A few moments after—"My time here must be very short. I felt this morning, as if I should not live till night: but the

Lord lives, and will live, blessed be my rock; and let the horn of my salvation be exalted." After another interval—"I long to hear you pray; but I am afraid to ask you; after the labors of the day, you must be fatigued. But I hope God will strengthen you as your duties increase, and make you a polished shaft in his quiver." Prayer being concluded—"Oh!" exclaimed she, in allusion to something said in it respecting Christ, "what a precious corner-stone—what a sure foundation is that! 'Tis the only basis of my hopes; 'tis the only ground of my glorying."

"While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast;
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust."

One of the family speaking of a neighbor who was sick, she desired that a part of some oranges which had been given her the day before, might be sent to him. "He needs them," said she, "more than I do. Besides, if I should want more, I shall be supplied. He who hath said—*Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things*

shall be added unto you, will not let me want any thing really necessary. He has raised me up many friends, who seem to vie with each other in the distribution of his bounty. I cannot recompense them: but they shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. The good Lord reward them an hundred fold into their own bosom."

Wednesday, April 10. "I find you madam," said I, "once more, among the living." "Yes," was her reply, "and among the living I hope to be found, when these eyes are closed in death: for Christ liveth in me; and because he lives, forever lives, I shall live also—live to behold his glory, and to be satisfied with his likeness. I hope I shall be willing to wait God's time, and to suffer God's will. I believe that I am. God early called me by his grace; and since that never to be forgotten season, though I have been visited with many trials, I have never been left to murmur against him. And shall I begin now, when he is thus kindly disengaging me from the world, and letting me down so gently to the grave? O! no. I do rejoice that the Lord God

Omnipotent reigns—that I am in his hand, as the clay is in the hand of the potter. He can do no wrong; and all that he does is for the best." Appearing to be exhausted with talking, one of the family put a glass of wine to her lips, requesting her to drink it. "Let me take it in my own hands," said she, extending one of her arms and raising herself upon the elbow of the other. Then rolling her almost sightless eyeballs towards heaven, she said, "as I now take this natural wine, for the nourishment of my poor decaying body, so may my soul be eternally refreshed with that new wine, which Jesus has prepared for his people in his heavenly kingdom. Grant this, O merciful Savior, and grant the same blessing to us all, amen."

I visited her again the next sabbath evening; when the family informed me, that for an hour and a half during the interval of divine service, she was in a state of transport, far exceeding any thing they had ever seen, or heard of. At one time, rendering praises to God, in the most exalted strains, for her spir-

itual enjoyments, and triumphant hopes —at another, pouring forth her soul, in the most fervent supplications, that she might honor Christ in death, and be received at last to his embraces. She was talking aloud as I entered her chamber, though her organs of speech were considerably impaired; expressing her strong confidence in Christ as the only foundation of her hope; and entreating him to afford her, in the last trying scene, which she apprehended to be near, his all-sufficient grace. As soon as she heard my voice, for she could not see me, her eyes, like those of the patriarch, being dim, she opened her hand to receive mine, saying with the most melting vehemence, "Christ in me the hope of glory; Christ in me the hope of glory. I desire no other hope. Oh! if my precious, precious Savior will but lead me by the hand through the cold stream of Jordan, and not let the billows go over my soul."—On being told that he would—that his promise is sure; she added, "Yes, yes, it is. I have always found him faithful, and I always shall."

"Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

One of the family giving her a little gruel, she said, "O! how many mercies I have, while others are suffering from want. Do be kind to the poor: and endeavour above all things to make them rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. O! to love Christ—and to inherit his kingdom! blessed, glorious privilege!

"—— to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight."

The next morning I visited her again; glad to avail myself of every opportunity to see and converse with one, in whom the truth and excellence of religion—the religion of the Gospel, were so remarkably visible. "I am yet," exclaimed she, as I approached her bed, "a subject of prayer, and an object of mercy. Who can express the loving kindness of the Lord, or show forth all his praise? What being so helpless as I am? and yet, what being so richly provided for? My God supplies all my wants according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

I have been looking over Jordan, into the glorious land of promise. It flows with milk and honey."

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between."

After prayer, "O! what a privilege to have a throne of grace to go to; and an all prevalent Advocate at the right hand of God.—One who knows by experience the infirmities of our nature; and has a fellow-feeling for his people in all their distresses. What an encouragement, what a comfort is this!"

Sabbath, April 21st. I called to see her, as I thought it probable, for the last time; expecting to leave town the next morning, for a journey of about ten days. "You have been," said she, "to the house of God to day. Glorious privilege! And I have been to the God of the house. Infinite mercy! Oh! that eternal sabbatism of rest which remains for me in heaven: and not for me only, but for all who can engage in its duties, and enjoy its pleasures." On being asked if she had had a good day, she an-

swered, "yes, because it has been just such a day as God would have it. My Father is on the throne; and he does all things well. I have not a wish for an alteration in any thing. My only desire is, that he may be glorified in me, whether it be by life, or death. I feel much for the dear church and congregation, with whom I have so long kept holy day; that they may keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; and strive together with one mind, for the faith of the Gospel. Tell them to make the glory of God, the great end of their lives. 'Tis the only thing that is worth living for." Being about to pray for her, she said, "Commit me where dying Stephen committed his departing spirit into the hands of the Glorious Redeemer; to be disposed of according to his pleasure: and pray that I may not be left to dishonor him, by murmuring at his dealings, or distrusting his faithfulness." After prayer, "Ah! those chariot wheels, how slow their motion. Blessed Jesus, how I long to have this glass removed, that I may see thee face to face. Glorious vision. The Lord give

me patience to wait his time." After receiving many fervent wishes for the success of my labors, and for our reunion in heaven, should we never meet again on earth, I left her, with the doxology of the redeemed on her quivering lips—"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!"

After an absence of nearly a fortnight, I found her still lingering about these mortal shores. Her bodily strength had obviously declined since we parted last; but her mind had sustained no apparent dimunition either of vigor or clearness. She herself thought it to be very confused; and expressed, as she had often done before, her apprehensions of losing her reason entirely, should she be continued much longer in the world. The only ground of her concern however, was the injury which religion might receive by her after it was gone. "I would not," said she, "knowingly dishonor my Glorious Redeemer for the world; nay, for ten thousand worlds. Put up for me now a *short* petition. We are not heard for our much speaking: and my head

is in such a state, that I can bear but little." I had uttered but a few sentences, when I was obliged to stop; the sound of my voice distressed her. "You cannot pray *with* me," said she, "but you can pray *for* me: and tell —— to pray too, that I may entirely acquiesce in the will of my Heavenly Father, and wait with patience all my appointed time, till my change come. This I think must be near. The earthly house of this tabernacle, can bear up but a little longer. Oh! for that building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

May 8th. "My head is in a distressed state; the pain at times almost overpowers me. But "why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" "'Tis of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed." If the glorious angel of the covenant will but walk with me in the furnace, as he did with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, I shall be willing to continue in it as long as he pleases. "I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." What reason have I to be thankful, that

notwithstanding my severe bodily suffering, the powers of my mind remain in a good measure unimpaired; and that I have such sweet and refreshing contemplations upon divine things. I have been thinking much since I saw you of the dear church and congregation. It seems as if great blessings were in store for them—as if a revival of religion was at hand. I hope there are those who are praying for it. I know there are; and God has "never said to the seed of Jacob seek ye me in vain." As I took my leave, "Don't forget me in your prayers; but pray that God would get glory to himself by me; and that my *death* may be the *life* of many precious souls."

June 3d. Between this and the last date, I saw Mrs. Waters several times; but she was seldom able to converse at any length. A few disconnected sentences were generally as much as her strength would allow her to utter: and sometimes, she could only breathe out her desires and thanksgivings to him, who "looketh on the heart." In every instance, however, I found her patient and tranquil; and often, elevated to joy

and triumph. Her remarks, when she was able to speak, were similar to those already recorded; and expressive of the same confidence in God—the same submission to his will—and the same desire for his glory, which had uniformly marked her character. She appeared this day, to be more than usually fearful of losing her reason, and thus bringing a stain upon the religion of Christ. On being told that she had no cause to apprehend that, she replied, "well, I don't know that I have. I hope I have not. But I am willing to leave it with God. He knows what is most for his glory: and he can work either without me, or against me. O, what strong consolation is here!"

June 11th. "My course is almost finished. Blessed be God, I have been enabled hitherto to keep the faith. If I can but hold out a little longer, I shall obtain the crown. O, glorious consummation!" After a few moments pause, "what a monument of mercy do you behold in me!—a brand plucked out of the fire. O! I can testify that it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all accep-

tation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Yes, the chief of sinners. Such was I. But I trust I may add, "I am washed, I am justified, I am sanctified." After prayer, I asked her if she heard me? "Not at all," was her reply; "but I have an advocate with the Father who knows my infirmities. He has heard the whole; and will present the whole before the mercy seat, with the odour of his incense. Through him, it will be answered, so far as will be for God's glory: and that is enough to satisfy me. "Glory, glory be to God in the highest!" "Let the whole earth be filled with his glory! Amen, and amen."

June 22d. "I get no relief in my head. If some one were striking upon it with a hammer, it seems as if the pain could not be greater than it is. But my Glorious Lord knows that I need it all. He will not lay upon me more than he sees to be necessary for me; or more than he will enable me to bear. Ah! if I had been as faithful a servant, as he has been a Master, there would be no occasion for this. But I have known my

Master's will, and yet neglected to do it, as I might and ought to have done; and therefore deserve to be beaten with many stripes. Oh! that every stroke might make me love him more. Then I could welcome suffering; then I could glory in tribulation. A moment after, "I think *my* sufferings are great: but what are they compared with those which my Blessed Master endured—and endured, not for his own sake, but for mine. He was made perfect through sufferings. And if sufferings are necessary to prepare me for that state of perfection which awaits his people, how kind is it in him to visit me with them."

July 16th. The following conversation passed between us. "I am afraid you will be wearied out in coming to see me, a poor miserable creature as I am." "Miserable? Few appear to be so happy as you." "And so I am happy in God, and in the prospect of his kingdom: but still I am miserable in myself. I have a dreadful wicked heart: and Satan is very busy with me. O! if it were not for that strength which is made perfect in weakness, I should fall into his

hands." "Have you any fear of this?" "I cannot say I have any fear of being finally lost: but I feel at times, like Peter when walking on the water. I feel afraid too, of wounding Christ, my glorious Lord and Master." "That you fear worse than death?" "Worse than death? Death has no terrors to me, "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law: thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

August 13th. She spoke much of the goodness of God in affording her exhausted nature refreshment by sleep, and providing so many kind friends to minister to her in her helpless state: and expressed in language similar to what she had before used, her confidence in the merits of Christ, and her ardent desire to behold his face in righteousness, and to awake satisfied with his likeness. After lamenting in the most humiliating terms her indwelling corruption—that body of spiritual death which still adhered to her, she exclaimed,

> "Jesus my God when shall I be,
> Stript of all self and fill'd with thee?"

September 11th. She was able to converse but little. That little however was much, in respect to its nature, and the interest which it excited in all who heard her. Christ was her subject. She seemed to be at a loss for language to express her views of his character; her affiance in his merits; her anticipations of his presence. During the interview she repeated the 140th hymn, 2d book of Watts, beginning with

"Give me the wings of faith to rise,"

When she came to the last line of the second verse

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears."

She hesitated a moment, and then said, "I cannot say, applying the subject to myself, as *I* do now with *doubts* and *fears:* for blessed be God, I have no doubts with regard to my interest in Christ. I know that he is precious to my soul. With Simon, I can appeal to him, and say, "Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

Nor have I any fears of death. I long to be gone. Come Lord Jesus, my dear, dear Savior, come quickly."

September 30th. The first that I understood her to say, for she could scarcely articulate for a time was—"I know not for what purpose God continues me here. It seems as if I must be a trouble to all my friends, and could be of no use to any of them. I think, if I might but be the instrument of good to a single soul, I should be willing to live my life over again, much as I desire to depart. I long to glorify God." To this one of the family having said, "You do glorify him;" she replied, "well, that's enough." A little after, "I hope, if consistent with his eternal purposes, I shall soon be where he is, to behold his glory. But if not"—then hesitating a moment; she raised her hands as far as her strength would admit, and said, "Any thing Lord, but a separation from thee. To that, I cannot submit. Cast me not away from thy presence. Gather not my soul with sinners. Grant me this, and I ask no more."

October 12th. In answer to the inquiry, "How do you feel?" she said, "I feel resigned to the will of God—I feel that I am God's creature, and God's property—that he has a right to do with me, as seemeth good in his sight." In answer to the question, "Have you any doubt, as to what he will do with you hereafter?" she replied, "None. I know not indeed what I shall be: but this I know, that when he shall appear, I shall be like him, for I shall see him as he is.

> "A hope so much divine,
> May trials well endure;
> May purge the soul from sense and sin,
> As Christ the Lord is pure."

One who watched with Mrs. Waters about this time having been requested to furnish me with some account of the state of her mind during the night, kindly communicated the following.

"I have been endeavouring to recollect the conversation of our venerable friend; and to the best of my remembrance, it was to the following effect. She was asleep when I first entered her chamber; but shortly after, awaking,

asked, who was to be her watcher. When I told her, she prayed very earnestly for me, that he who never slumbers nor sleeps would watch over, and with me;—and that I might have much communion with her adorable Savior during the night watches. She then committed herself into his hands, and immediately fell asleep. After a while, hearing her whisper, I went to the bed, and found her, as I supposed, in prayer: her lips moved, but no sound issued from them for some time. At length she spoke audibly thus—"who is this that cometh from Edom, with died garments from Bozrah—this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." "Yes," said she, "*mighty to save.* His name is a strong tower, into which the righteous flee, and are safe. O, trust him in time; trust him for eternity. And if the world say unto you, "what is your beloved, more than another beloved, that you thus charge us?" if he is really yours, you will be able in triumph to say, "my Beloved is the chiefest among

ten thousand, the one altogether lovely." "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I set down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to my taste." O, that such a vile worm of the dust should be so dealt with!" Then, after some very humbling expressions of her own unworthiness, she turned to me, and said—"I can never pay you for watching with me; but you must do it as to one of the ransomed of the Lord, and Christ will recompense you. He is a faithful master. He has always paid me my wages before they were earned." She then fell asleep, and continued so until near morning. Hearing her again speak, I listened; but could catch only broken sentences, which led me to believe her in prayer. After some time she exclaimed,

"Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys
How bright their glories be."

During the following verse, she raised her hands and spoke with a fervor I shall long remember.

"I ask them whence their victory came?
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb;
Their triumph, to his death."

"Yes," added she, "to his death. He tasted death for every man. His love was stronger than death." In the morning when I left her, she was in extreme pain in her head. I asked if it was very severe? "Yes," said she, "but I shall soon cease to suffer, and enter on that glorious inheritance purchased for me by the blood of the great sacrifice." My —— watched with Mrs. Waters while I was at ——. And in a letter received from her the next day, she writes—"I watched last night with Mrs. Waters: but she was so very deaf, I could not converse with her at all. She made a sweet prayer about midnight for me; requesting among other things, that I might have refreshing communion with her covenant God, and that my soul might repose on the bosom of her adorable Redeemer. About three in the morning, she appeared wholly absorbed in divine things; and occasionally spoke of the glories of the upper world. "Glo-

rious things are spoken of thee, O Zion, thou city of my God! Yes, I see the holy angels crowned with glory and immortal beauty, prostrating themselves at thy feet, thou Blessed Immanuel—my lovely Savior. Yes, thou art mine, and I am thine. I see a guard of angels with my dear Redeemer at their head, to protect and guide me to my Heavenly Father's house. Why do they tarry? —why so long in coming? Come quickly." She only spoke at intervals. If I had had pen or pencil with me, I could have preserved a treasure."

Another who watched with Mrs. W. has preserved, and obliged me with the following valuable fragments. "I rejoice to be in the hands of God, as the clay is in the hands of the potter."—— "He is my rock; my refuge; my high tower; my shield of defence."——"I need purifying; I need a great deal of purifying, before I shall be fit for the heavenly kingdom."——"I would be in subjection to the Father of spirits; and if he sees chastening necessary, say, not my will, but thine be done."—— "Some stones are much rougher than

others, and need a great deal more beating."——"O what is all this world, to an union with Christ—the glorious Head of the church!"

> "His blood did once for sin atone;
> And now it pleads before the throne."

O, what an happiness, to have an interest in him!

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are;
> While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

October 20th. "O Sir, the goodness of God to such a worm, such a vile worm as I am! Never was a creature dealt with so mercifully. Damnation is the least that I deserve; and yet, I have heaven in reversion. Yes, and heaven too, let down into my soul. What I enjoy, no tongue can tell, no heart conceive, except those, to whom the Spirit hath revealed it. I would not be out of the hands of God for a million of worlds. He does all things well. He is the portion of my soul, my eternal portion; what can I want besides? I don't want any thing else. No, my dear Lord, I

don't. Here I am, do with me what thou wilt—lay upon me what thou pleasest. "Father glorify thyself." In this strain she continued for several minutes, when her exhausted strength broke the silence in which all around her had been held. It was indeed good to be there. I had heard much of the faith and transport of departing saints; but never had my mind conceived a scene like this. One present asked her, if she could not say something to encourage me? "He is doing the work of the Lord," said she, "that's encouragement enough." Then turning to me, she added, "you serve the best of Masters; only be faithful to him, and you have nothing to fear." After much more to this effect, she gave me a message to the church, similar to what she had said before, with this difference only, that a part of it was designed especially for the young. "Tell the dear youth," said she, "to seek God betimes: tell them there is no enjoyment to be compared with that, which results from his favor: and tell them of the peculiar encouragements which there are, to an early surrender of themselves to him.

Constrained by his grace, I sought him soon; but not soon enough. It can never be too soon." Being asked if she was not fatigued with talking, she replied, "what if I am? If I could do any good by talking, I would not stop till morning. What is my breath good for, but to spend in God's service—in testifying of his grace, and in recommending his salvation."

"I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when," &c.*

One who was present at this interview, thus writes to a sister, respecting it—"The sabbath evening, near the close of Mrs. Waters's life, when I sat by, and listened to what she said to Mr. H. it was truly interesting. She spoke of herself with great humility. She said, that at seven years of age, her mind was seriously impressed, while hearing Dr. Mather, from the words, "Is not my word like the fire and the hammer which breaketh the rock in pieces?" That he observed, there were many hard hearts

* See page 122. These lines she often repeated.

in the house of God; but that she thought hers, was the hardest. That he spoke with great earnestness, which terrified her much. That she could not forget what he said, the impression was so deep upon her mind.

She also said, "Tell the dear young people to seek an interest in Christ. I sought him in the morning of life, and have ever found him a faithful God." She also desired him to tell the dear church, that, if they would enjoy the consolations of religion, they must draw water out of the wells of salvation: and said, they were inexhaustible.

"I am a poor creature," said she, "but Christ is a precious Savior—He is infinitely precious—He is altogether lovely!"

It seemed to me like Elijah's ascension to heaven. And I was enabled to breathe the wish, that her mantle might descend and rest upon each one who was sitting by, and listening to the words of this mother in Israel.

On Wednesday afternoon, being asked to take some nourishment, she refused, saying, "God feeds me." At another

time, she said to one who sat by her, "God bless you. May he be your companion——What a mercy it is, to have praying friends, when we are sick and unable to pray for ourselves!"

O, my sister, how often has she encouraged the timid and the doubting, by her example, and by her counsel? Frequently has she said to your unbelieving sister—"you hang your harp upon the willows too much. Look out of yourself; trust in God; believe in Jesus. He will support, comfort, and build you up, if you cast yourself at the foot of the cross. He can do all things. He does all things well. Be not discouraged. There is enough in him to satisfy the desires of every soul." &c. &c.

November 4th. Waking up out of a sound sleep, she thought it was midnight; and seeing me at her bed-side, asked me with surprise, if I made a practice of getting up in the night to visit the sick? When I gave her to understand that it was morning, she exclaimed, "O! the goodness of my Heavenly Father to give me such a long nap. How refresh-

ing it has been to this poor feeble frame —this sinking, dying nature. "Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord O my soul and forget not all his benefits." She then lost herself for a moment, and renewed her expression of astonishment, on seeing me at such an hour. Again being told of her mistake—that it was nearly twelve at noon, instead of twelve at night, she exclaimed, how rapidly the time flies! well, let it fly; the swifter it goes, the sooner I shall get where I long to be—in the bosom of my dear Savior.

The morning of the day which preceded her death, she called the family around her bed; and gave to each her parting blessing and advice, suited to their respective ages, relations, and employments. Entering her chamber soon after, I found her very low, but perfectly sensible; waiting, and longing for her change. "Where," she would exclaim, "is my dear Redeemer?—Where is he whom my soul loveth?—Where is the Lord my righteousness?—Let him come; let me hear the sound of his

chariot wheels. Haste, haste, my beloved, and come away. Come, take me to thyself. O, how I long to see thee as thou art!—to awake in thy likeness!—to abide in thy embrace!" Having paused to recover breath, she attempted to sing; but so feeble was her voice, and so indistinct her utterance, that nearly the whole of what she said was lost. After this, she raised her hands from her breast, and prayed, breathing out, as was evident from what little could be understood, the most fervent desires for release from the body; not that she might be delivered from pain, for she appeared wholly free from that, but that she might enjoy the immediate vision of her Lord.

The evening of the same day, she spoke but little; and that little, hardly intelligible. Two or three times however, she uttered in feeble, broken accents—"The promised land." And once was heard to say, "He is faithful who hath promised." Blessed saint! she was not now, where she had so often been before, on the top of Pisgah; "beholding the land afar off:" but on

the very banks of Jordan. For scarcely had another sun descended from the western sky, ere her feet were planted on the opposite shore; where the faultering expression of desire and hope, was changed to the full song of victory and triumph.

The last words she uttered were—"Open to me the gates, that I may enter in!" And hardly had the sound of them died upon the ear of her surrounding friends, when the heavens had received her out of their sight.

Mrs. Waters had left it in charge with her family, to request my return to the house, after the funeral solemnities were over, for the purpose of reading to them, and the other near relatives, her dying legacy. This, which is subjoined, was sealed up, and directed to her grandchildren and great-grand-children; her immediate descendants being dead. Though not original, and therefore not evincive of her mental strength; it shows what is immeasurably more important, the goodness of her heart—her deep solicitous concern for the best—the spiritual and eternal welfare of those,

whom she was to leave behind, in a world of temptation and sin.

My Dear Children,

When you read these lines, I shall be mouldering into dust. But the Almighty, who cannot err, for wise ends has appointed a separation. He is about to take me from this vale of sin and misery, to celebrate his praise, and to admire his glorious perfections, in his heavenly kingdom. I cannot leave the world without bequeathing to my beloved children a few instructions—my dying advice. Which, so far as agreeable to the word of God, I humbly beseech him to give them grace to value.

I entreat you, yea, I charge you, as you shall answer it at the dreadful day of judgment, that you love and serve your God, in sincerity and truth; I admonish you to love the Bible, to read it with attention, and to pray to God to enlighten your understanding, that you may know, and approve, the glorious truths which that blessed book contains. To reading, add meditation. Do not read it as a history, in which you are no way concerned. But remember, it is the word of Him, who is not a man like yourselves. It is the word of a God who is perfect and holy in all his ways. It is the book by which your heart and actions will be tried. Try yourselves by it repeatedly, and endeavour to make yourselves well acquainted with its contents. It is recorded, to the honor of that eminent Christian youth, king Edward the sixth, that if at any time, he let

the Bible fall, he would take it up with re
ence and concern, as having treated the w
of his Creator with disrespect.

But, my dear children, to reading and m
itation, you must add fervent prayer. Cons
yourselves, as you really are, sinners, by
ture and practice. In sin you were conceiv
and brought forth. By the disobedience
one man, sin entered the world, and death
sin, as you may read in the third chapter
Genesis. But by the obedience of One, ma
are made righteous. This One, who took co
passion on Adam's lost race, is no other th
the Son of God, who dwelt, from eternity
the bosom of his Father. This Prince of Pe
was the sinner's only friend, who gave his l
a sacrifice for sin. He gave his life a sacrif
for you, my dear children, if you do but belie
in him. Oh, reject him not, but give up yo
selves a willing sacrifice to his service. Y
will find his ways to be ways of pleasantne
and all his paths peace. A peace which t
world knows nothing of; which it can neith
give nor take away.

Honor your father and mother is the fi
commandment with promise. And the apos
says, Children, obey your parents in all thin
Love each other as brothers and sisters. I
not envy or malice reign in your hearts; b
endeavour to live in peace and harmony. Th
shall you be blessed of the Lord, and be ma
a comfort to those with whom you are unite

Again, I entreat you to be lowly in hea
and life. Pride banished angels from hap

ness in heaven, to the lowest depths of misery in hell. The scripture declares, That whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, but whoever humbleth himself shall be exalted. A proud person is an ignorant one. Seek therefore of the Lord the true knowledge of yourselves and then be proud if you can. Imitate the character of our Lord and Master, and you will be a pattern of humility. Despise not the poor, but administer to their necessities as far as you can. A cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall not lose its reward.

Love retirement and be more fond of being alone, than of letting your tongue run in company. Thus you will improve your mind, and be qualified to act, either in public or private life.

Love your enemies if you have any. Be not bitter against them; if you cannot turn their hearts, pray for them. In this way you will heap coals of fire upon their heads, and constrain them to admire your conduct.

Follow not the vanities of the present age. I charge you not to love the card-table, nor to frequent play-houses, balls, assemblies, or any of those scenes of dissipation, by which, as by so many baits, Satan takes advantage to entangle deluded mortals. These amusements will afford you no comfort in a dying hour. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Wear the sword of the Spirit, the word of God, in your own defence, and keep it bright by frequent use; and then you need not fear, either the displeasure of men, or the rage of

devils; for who is he that can harm you, if you are followers of that which is good?

Be not ashamed of the cross of Christ; it is the Christian's glory; it is the power of God unto salvation. But whoever will live godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer affliction. Love the people of God, and cultivate an acquaintance with them. They are the excellent of the earth, and it is for their sakes that the world is upheld. But my dear children, you must not consider all those as the people of Christ, who make profession of his name. He had but twelve apostles and one of them was a devil. Many call him Lord, to promote their own ends, to whom, in the great day, he will say, Depart from me, I never knew you. Let redeeming love be the principal object of your study. Search for those treasures of wisdom and knowledge, which the angels desire to look into. This happy knowledge will qualify you, if not for offices and dignities upon earth, for a most honorable advancement in heaven. Contemplate the perfections of the Son of God. An habitual remembrance of his agonies and dying love, will be a golden altar, from whence you may take a coal to enkindle the sacred flame of love in your breast. Love the house and public worship of God. Go not with unhallowed lips into the sanctuary, but let your heart and voice join in singing the Savior's praise. Keep the Lord's day holy; let no work be done by you in it, but what is absolutely necessary, and such as you will be able to answer for, at the great day. I mean especially, when you shall be your own mas-

ters. Devote the Lord's day to the religious exercises, to public worship, private reflection, reading, and to earnest prayer for yourselves, your family and friends, the nation to which you belong, and the world at large. Pray for that happy time when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord, and of his Christ. Be not fond of visiting on this holy day, but rather of retirement. Every Lord's day thus sanctified, will promote your advantage and comfort in time, and your meetness for the eternal sabbath.

And now, my dear and much loved children, nothing remains but to bid you a last farewell. May the blessing of the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, rest upon you! May he pour plentifully into your hearts the riches of his grace, that you may grow up as the cedars of Lebanon! May you be trees of righteousness, of the Lord's own planting! May you be adorned with every grace of the Holy Spirit, that all around you may see that you belong to Jesus! May your will be sunk in the will of God! May you be sincere penitents, true converts, and sound believers! May you be dead to the world and all things in it, and your life hidden with Christ in God. At length may you finish your course with joy. When dying pangs come upon you, and your soul is about to take its everlasting flight! May you then, rejoicing in the Redeemer's complete atonement, and triumphing over death and his sting, be conducted by angels to the bright realms of eternal day. There I trust to meet you, and the rest of our dear fam-

ily, and unite with you in admiring and praising the adorable perfections of our God and Savior. Till that blessed period, adieu.

N. B. It is my earnest desire that each of you should take a copy of this letter and peruse it, at least, once a week,

Your affectionate grand-mother,
ABIGAIL WATERS.

(Superscribed.)

To the grand-children and great-grand-children of their affectionate grand-mother,
ABIGAIL WATERS.

As this little work was undertaken, in the hope, that it might prove useful, especially to those who were personally acquainted with the venerable subject of it; the writer cannot conclude, without a few remarks, adapted to the different characters, and ages of those into whose hands it may fall.

Professors of religion, may learn from it, that the power, is not always an attendant of the form of godliness. Mrs. Waters was several years a member of the visible church, before she became "a fellow-citizen with the saints and of the household of God." And are there not many, who bear the name, and wear

the livery of Christians, whose conversation and whose lives evince that the world is the idol of their affections—many, the whole of whose religion consists in a few external observances, which require little or no sacrifice of a selfish and mercenary spirit—many, who are strangers to that communion with God, and that operative concern for his kingdom and glory, which are the infallible fruits of the *love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost?*

Would Mrs. Waters's character as a Christian, between the time of her public profession of religion, and the visit of Mr. Whitfield to Boston, suffer by a comparison with that of multitudes, who have named the name of Christ? She loved a novel better than her Bible; so do they. She preferred the company of the gay and thoughtless to that of the serious and devout; so do they. She could talk with more fluency, and greater satisfaction, upon the fashions and amusements of the season, than upon the things which pertain to the prosperity of Zion; so can they. She thought, or hoped herself, a Christian; though not

among the straitest of the sect; so do they. She afterwards found that she was not, save in name and pretence. A similar discovery would they make, were they to scrutinize the principles and motives of their conduct—were they to bring the state of their hearts, and the tenor of their lives, to the touchstone of divine truth—especially, were that "word of God, which is quick and powerful, sharper than a two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder, the soul and the spirit, the joints and the marrow," to be set home upon their consciences by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Can *real Christians*, peruse the preceding pages, without being excited to arise and trim their lamps? She, whose character is faintly delineated in them, was not contented with moderate degrees of excellence. She set her standard high. She was for being not only a believer, but "strong in faith." She wanted not only hope, but "a hope full of immortality." Not satisfied with loving God, she aspired after that "perfect love which casteth out fear." What she aimed at, she attained; to her unspeaka-

ble enjoyment, in this world, and to her triumphant exaltation in that, whither she has now gone.

And will you not, Christian reader, be stimulated by her example, to forget the things which are behind, and to reach forth to those which are before? Will you not be fired with an holy ambition, to be a follower of one, who so eminently followed Christ? Especially, when it is considered, that not only your own happiness, here and hereafter; but the glory of God, the honor of religion, and the welfare of your fellow creatures demand it. How many she was instrumental, by her conversation and her prayers, of saving from "the wrath to come," will not be known, until that day, when every one will be rewarded according to his works. The number, however, it is presumed, is not small: for there are living witnesses, who can attest to her faithful, and effectual exertions for their spiritual good.

And are not souls continually perishing around *you*, in ignorance and sin? Souls, whom you might enlighten in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus—

whom you might warn of the ruin to which they are exposed; and point, nay, lead to the refuge which is provided for their safety—whom you might bear in the arms of faith to the mercy seat, and prevail with the Angel of the Covenant to save, with an everlasting salvation? And have you no bowels of compassion for them? Will you let them perish—perish irrecoverably, without stretching out an hand, or sending up a cry, for their deliverance? If not, be up and doing. Every week, and every day, is placing some of them beyond the reach of mercy; and all of them, at a greater distance from it. Besides, your own season of action is fast drawing to a close. The night of death cometh in which no man can work. What thou wouldest do then, for God and thy generation, must be done quickly.

Should these sheets be taken up by one, who has been wont to consider Christianity as "a cunningly devised fable," let him not put them down, until he can furnish a substitute, of equal value, under the trials of life, the infirmities of age, and the pains of dissolution

—until he can produce an instance of an infidel, contemplating the approach, and meeting the arrest of death, with the dignity, and triumph of Mrs. Abigail Waters. Such a substitute cannot be furnished—such an instance cannot be produced. "Be it never forgotten that *no infidels die in triumph!* The utmost to which they pretend, is dying with calmness. Even this rarely happens; and the scripture being judge, it is a part of their accursedness. It imparts the deeper horrour to the surprise of the eternal world. But, if you reverse the picture, and ask how many infidels close their career in anguish, in distraction, in "a fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation which shall devour the *adversaries?*" how endless is the train of wretches, how piercing their cry! That arch blasphemer, *Voltaire*, left the world with hell anticipated: and we see so frequently, of his disciples "going to their own place" in a similar manner, that the dreadful narratives lose their effect by repetition. It was quite recently that a youth in the state of New-York, who had been debauched by the ribald-

rous impiety of Paine, yielded up the ghost with dire imprecations on the hour when he first saw an infidel book, and on the murderer who first put it into his hand. But who ever heard of a dying man's cursing the day in which he believed in Jesus? While such an instance, we are bold to assert, never occurred, nothing is more common than the peaceful death of them who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious." They who see *practical* Christianity in those retreats which the eye of a prophane philosopher seldom penetrates, could easily fill a long record of dying beds, softened with that bland submission, and cheered with that victorious hope, which threw so heavenly a lustre round the bed of" Mrs. Waters.*

Does not the preceding account, corroborate the truth, and recommend the reception, of that system of faith, *against* which, so many "earnestly contend?" What was it that raised the mind of Mrs. Waters above the dread of dissolu-

* See the "Contrast," before referred to, "between the Death of David Hume and Samuel Finley," in Christian's Magazine, Vol. I.

tion, and constituted the foundation of that hope which was as an anchor to her soul—which transformed the king of terrors, into a messenger of peace, and made her, with the apostle, "desire to depart?" It was the righteousness, atonement, and intercession of Christ, as *the Great God her Savior*. Had you taken away these, you would have taken away her all. You would have curtained her dying bed with terror, and changed the shout of victory, into the cry of anguish and despair.

The same precious truths, have produced the same, or the like effects, in every age, and in all parts of the world.*

* "Neither my imprisonment nor fear of death," said William Lord Russel, who was cruelly beheaded under false pretences, "have been able to discompose me in any degree. On the contrary, I have found the assurance of the love and mercy of God in and through the Blessed Redeemer, in whom alone I trust. And I do not question, but I am going to partake of that fulness of joy, which is in his presence: the hopes of which do most wonderfully delight me, that I think this is the happiest time of my life, though others may look upon it as the saddest."*

* The Christian's Consolation, page 74.

This, at least, entitles them to a candid examination; and ought, in all reason,

Respecting the death of Charnock, we have the following testimony from the pen of his biographer. "As his life appears to have been peculiarly holy, his death was exceedingly comfortable. He had entered upon a set of discourses concerning the attributes of God, which he did not live to finish; and all the while he was upon them, he moved with that extraordinary strength and celerity which discovered his near approach to his centre, his everlasting rest. It was for some time before his death, the matter of his longing desire to be in heaven, where there is the perfection of grace and holiness, and he expressed his lively hope that he quickly should."*

The following are among the "Dying Thoughts" of Baxter. "To thee O Lord, as to a faithful Creator, I commit my soul. It is thy faithful word, that all thine elect shall obtain the salvation which is in Jesus Christ with eternal glory—that if we be dead with him we shall also live with him; and if we suffer, shall also reign, with him. To thee, O my Savior, I commit my soul; it is thine own by Redemption; it is thine own by Covenant; it is marked and sealed by thy Spirit as thine own; and thou hast promised not to lose it—I look for no heaven but the *perfection of divine life, light, and love,* in endless glory with Christ and his holy ones; and this he hath begun in

* Nonconformist's Memorial, vol. i. page 161.

to screen them from the bitter invective, and scurrilous abuse, so often heaped

me already. Lord I have lived in hope, I have prayed in hope, I have labored, suffered, and waited, in hope; and by thy grace I will die in hope.—Can I love such a world as this? And shall I not think more delightfully of the inheritance of the saints in light, and the uniting love and joyful praises of the heavenly choir?—What is heaven to me but God? God who is life, and light, and love, communicating himself to blessed spirits; perfecting them in the reception, possession, and exercise, of life, and light, and love, forever?—O read often that triumphing chapter, Rom. viii. and conclude, who shall separate us from the love of God? If life have not done it, death shall not do it—Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee. Therefore I know that I am beloved of thee; and come to thee in the confidence of thy love, and long to be nearer in the clearer sight, the fuller sense, and joyfuller exercise of love forever. Father into thy hand I commend my spirit. Lord Jesus receive my spirit. Amen."*

"I am going," said Dr. Owen but two days before his death, in a letter to a friend, "I am going to him whom my soul has loved; or rather, who has loved me with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the church in a storm; but whilst the great Pilot is in it,

* Baxter's Works, folio, vol. iii.

upon them, and upon the receivers, and advocates of them, by those, who "speak

the loss of a poor undermower, will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible, that he will never leave us, nor forsake us.*

Halyburton, when dying, thus addressed those around him. "Here is a demonstration of the reality and power of faith and godliness. I, a poor weak and timorous man, once as much afraid of death as any one: I, who was many years under the terrors of death, come in the mercy of God, and by the power of his grace, composedly and with joy to look death in the face. I have seen it in its paleness, and all the circumstances of horror that attend it. I dare look it in the face in its most ghastly shape, and hope to have in a little time the victory over it. Glory, glory to him! O what of God do I see! I have never seen any thing like it! The beginning and end of religion are wonderfully sweet! I long for his salvation, I bless his name! I have found him! I am taken up in blessing him! I am dying: rejoicing in the Lord! O, I could not have believed that I should bear, and bear cheerfully as I have done, this rod, which has lain on me so long. This is a miracle. Pain without pain! You see a man dying a monument of the glorious power of astonishing grace!" Some time after he said, "when I shall

* The Christian's Consolation, page 74.

evil of the things which they understand not."

be so weakened as not to be able to speak, I will give you, if I can, a sign of triumph when I am near to glory." This he did! for when one said, "I hope you are encouraging yourself in the Lord," not being able to speak, he lifted up his hands, clapped them, and quickly after expired.*

"It will not be long," said Mr. Toplady, "before God takes me; for no mortal man can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."

Mr. Ryland cried out "Happy, happy, happy! O what ease of body! O what ease of soul!"

Mr. Brewer said, "O what a world am I going to! Here all is sin, and all is sorrow, but there everlasting joy. Jesus is standing to receive my spirit. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.†

Dr. Romaine in his funeral sermon on the death of Hervey thus writes respecting him, "He had long desired to depart and to be with Christ, which he knew was far better than to abide in the flesh; but he waited patiently for the Lord's time; and when it was come, he thus expressed the thankfulness of his heart; "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy *most holy and comfort-*

* Buck on Religious Experience, page 207.
† Buck on Religious Experience, page 206.

The *young* may learn from the foregoing account, the importance of early

able word for mine eyes have seen thy *precious* salvation."*

"I have," said Dr. Romaine himself just before his dissolution, "the peace of God in my conscience, and the love of God in my heart. I knew before, the doctrines I preached to be truths; but now I experience them to be blessings. Jesus is more precious than rubies, and all that can be desired on earth is not to be compared with him. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Glory be to thee on high, for such peace on earth, and good will to men."

"I am full of confidence," said Dr. Doddridge, "there is a hope set before me. I have fled, I still fly for refuge to that hope. In him I trust. In him I have strong consolation and shall assuredly be accepted in the beloved of my soul."†

The following, are among the last words of Dr. Finley. When informed by Dr. C. that he was probably near his end, he raised himself upon his pillow, and broke out, "then may the Lord bring me *near* to himself—I have waited with a *Canaan hunger* for the promised land. Oh! how sweet are the promises of God! Although I have earnestly desired death as the hireling pants for the evening shade, yet will I wait my appointed time. Some time af-

* Hervey's Works, vol. v. page 124.
† The Christian's Consolation, page 75.

piety. Though your breasts, my young friends, now beat high with hope, and

ter he spoke as follows, "A Christian's death is the best part of his existence. Blessed be God, eternal rest is at hand: Eternity is long enough to enjoy God. This has animated me in my severest studies." On being asked whether he would prefer to live, or to die? He replied, "To *die*." "You are more cheerful, sir," said one of the company. "Yes, I rise or fall as eternal rest appears nearer or farther off."—Addressing himself to those who were present, he said, "Oh! that each of you may experience what, Blessed be God, I do, when ye come to die!" Waking one morning he exclaimed, "Oh! what a disappointment have I met with; I expected this morning to have been in heaven." At another time, "Oh! I shall triumph over every foe! The Lord hath given me the victory? I exalt, I triumph. Oh! that I could see untainted purity." Again he said, "Lord Jesus, into thine hands I commit my spirit. *I do it with confidence, I do it with full assurance.* I know that thou wilt keep that which I have committed unto thee." A clergyman present having said, "I am come, dear sir, to hear you confirm by facts, the gospel you have preached, Pray how do you feel?" The doctor replied, "Full of triumph. I triumph through Christ. Nothing clips my wings but the thoughts of my dissolution being prolonged. Oh! that it was to night. My very soul thirsts for

all before you, in appearance, is bright and cheering; remember that, "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Of this sad inheritance bequeathed to us by the parents of our race, you must have your portion. And when it comes, what will sustain and console you, but the religion of Christ? Easily as you may dispense with this religion now, while the sun of prosperity illumines your path, and gilds your prospect, be assured you will find the need of it, in those "days of darkness," which the wise man assures you "shall be many." How cheerless at such a season the condition of those, whose only enjoyment has been derived from the world! But, "to the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. Though divine grace does not ensure them exemption from calamity, it turns the curse into a blessing; it enters the house of mourning, and soothes the troubled mind; it prepares

eternal rest. Oh! to be dissolved; to be with Jesus! I long to be clothed with the complete righteousness of Christ."*

* Christian Magazine, vol. i. pages 302—6.

us for all, sustains in all, sanctifies by all, and delivers us from all."

This you have seen remarkably verified in the subject of the preceding sketch. Her days, though not *few*, were *evil*, in the common acceptation of the word. Like the patriarch of Uz, she was stript of her possessions, and her children; as well as visited with many other "ills which flesh is heir to." But like him, she possessed her soul in patience; and like him was enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Religion will do as much for you, if you embrace it early, as she did. It will be your light in darkness—your companion in solitude—your refuge in danger—your consolation in sorrow.

But preeminently valuable will be the fruits of early piety, under the infirmities of age; and in the evening of life. Then, (should you be among that small number who are permitted to see those "evil days, in which there is no pleasure" of an earthly or sensual kind) how wretched must you be, if unable to look back up-

on a life of devotedness to God, and of usefulness to men; and to look forward to that rest, of which, nothing but such a life can give you a solid and satisfying ground of hope.* How consoling, on the contrary, such a review! and how animating, such a prospect! "Remember then your Creator in the days of your youth;" encouraged by the promise which he has graciously given you—"They that seek me early shall find me." Embrace in his whole character, that adorable Redeemer, who manifested

* The "obedience unto death" of the Lord Jesus Christ, is indeed the only ground of a sinner's justification before God, because that only is adequate to the demands of the divine law—that law, which is as obligatory now as it ever was; being a transcript of the character of Him, who is immutably "the same yesterday, to day, and forever"—that law, which as it never required more than is due to God, cannot possibly be relaxed in its demands. But who is to reap the benefit of Christ's obedience and sufferings? They only who *believe.* "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* on him might not perish but have everlasting life." "If ye *believe not that I am he,* ye shall die in your

while on earth, a peculiar regard for the young. And yield to the influences of the Holy Ghost—the Sanctifier, whose sovereign, almighty agency alone, can render you meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

Can the *aged* who may read the preceding pages, forbear to inquire, Have I the supports, the consolations, and the hopes, which this venerable mother in Israel experienced? Or, if my enjoyments be less elevated, and my assurance less full and satisfying than hers,

sins." And what is Gospel faith—the faith of God's elect? "*To as many as received him*, to them gave he power to become the sons of God—*even to them that believe on his name.*" And what is the evidence of genuine faith—the cordial acceptance of Christ? "Show me thy faith without thy works, and *I will show thee my faith by my works.*" On this account it is, that Abraham is said by St. James in that most contested passage, to have been *justified by works*; as his faith was thereby proved to be real and saving. And for the same reason, obedience to the laws of Christ is represented as the basis of the final decision, in the great day of account; as the only test of that vital union to Him, which gives an interest in his merits.

am I drawing water from the same wells of salvation? Are the truths, and promises of the Gospel, the subjects of my sweetest contemplation, the basis of my fondest hopes? Admonished by my often infirmities, that this tabernacle of clay is fast crumbling to the ground, am I daily preparing, by reading, meditation, and prayer, to be "clothed upon with that house which is from heaven?" In the devotion of my spirit, the savor of my conversation, and the exemplariness of my life, am I honoring the religion of Christ, and recommending it to the acceptance of all around me? Is my grey head a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness?

The following brief but comprehensive sketch of the character of Mrs. Waters appeared in one or more of the weekly papers a few days after her death.

Died in this town, on Friday last, Mrs. Abigail Waters, aged ninety six, widow of Josiah Waters, Esq. formerly of Ann street, who died thirty three years ago. This venerable matron has been known to so many families, and for so long a period of time, that her character is now mentioned for the information of those only, who could not have seen her but in the decline of life, and when her accomplishments were in decay. By accomplishments, are not meant those ornamental parts of education which are now bestowed upon the rising generation of females, in addition to their more important attainments.

Ninety years ago, the elegancies of polite literature were not so cheap and common as they are now. But Madam Waters was blessed with a most affectionate heart, and sound intelligence, and she animated every circle which she entered by her innocent vivacity.

The writer of this brief memorial of uncommon worth, was acquainted with her excellent qualities for half a century, and well remembers how deep an interest she took in the concerns of her younger relations

and friends; what allowance she would make for their frailties, and what delight she had in the office of a reconciler.

Though she was not a nurse by profession, yet her charitable and personal attention to the sick was very extensive; and until the evening of her days, she went about doing good. Her visits were so disinterested, that the most malignant disorders never deterred her from watching with the afflicted; and so benign was her temper, and so eloquent was the expression of it, that many a dying bed was softened by her consoling observations and prayers. That eminent physician, the late Dr. Lloyd, has been heard to pass the most fervent encomiums upon her conduct in the chambers of the diseased; and when the means of her subsistence were impaired by some grievous vicissitudes, which she bore with pious submission, he freely offered her his valuable services, when she might need them. But she seldom required medical aid for herself, so firm was her health for a series of years beyond the age of man.

As to her religious opinions, she received them from a constant and devout attention in her youth, under the instruction of her beloved minister, Dr. Sewall, who was a disciple of Calvin; and her conversation was chiefly with the orthodox clergymen of her time. But though tenacious of her opinions, she never obtruded them upon others. She was a cheerful and candid Christian. She died as she had lived, and her last sentiment was, that the Mediator was opening for her the gates of everlasting joy.

THE END.

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